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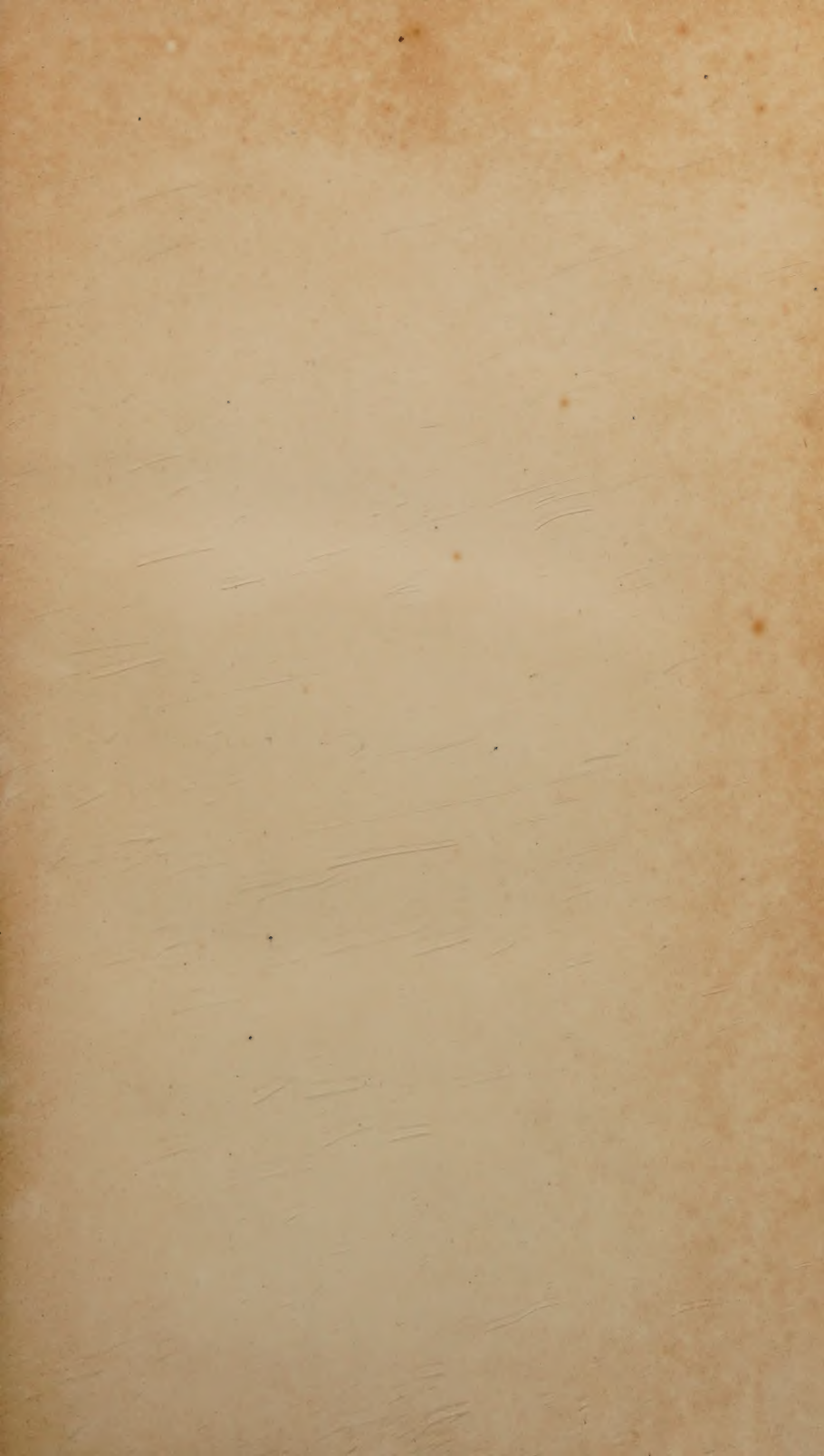
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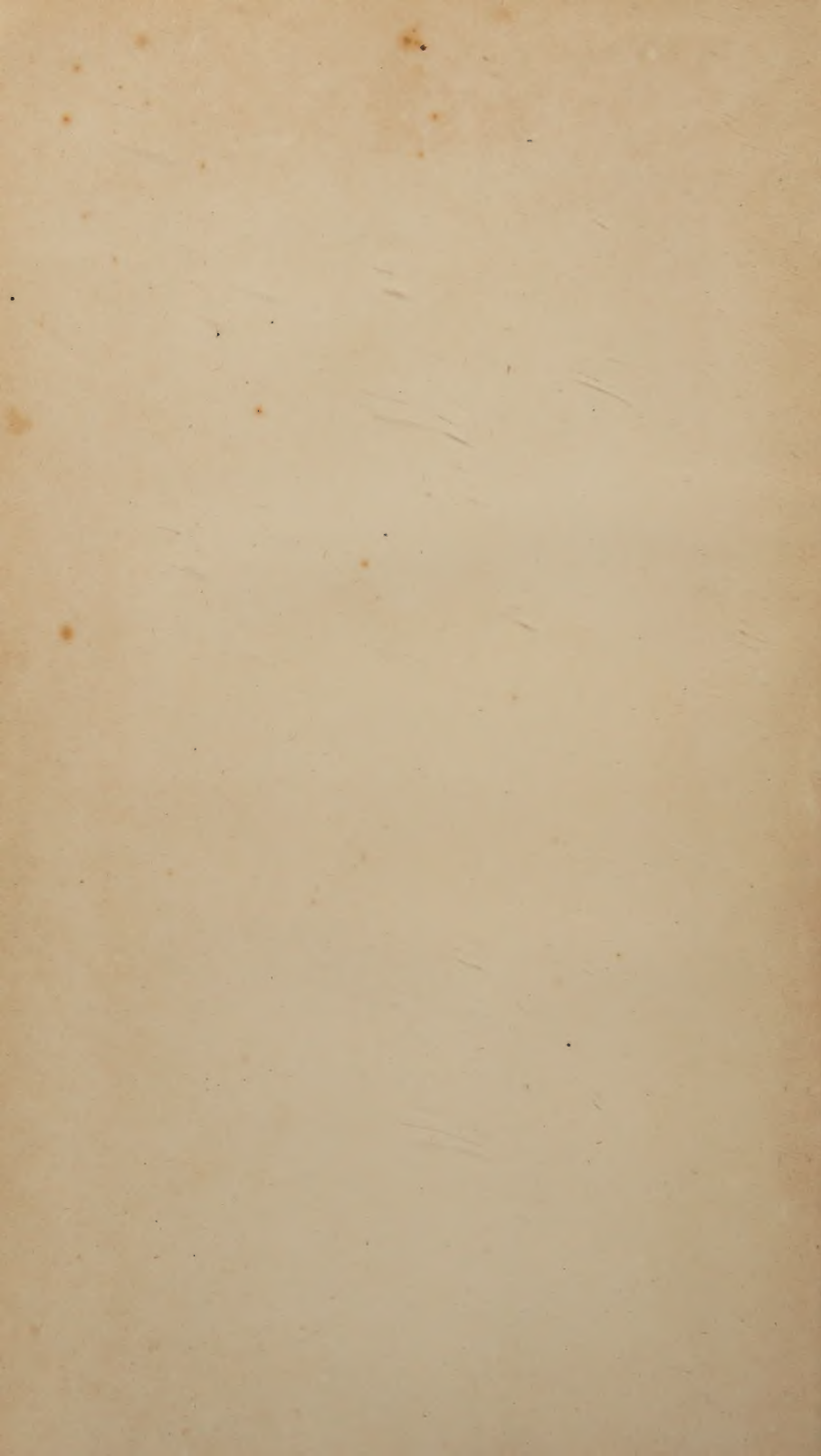


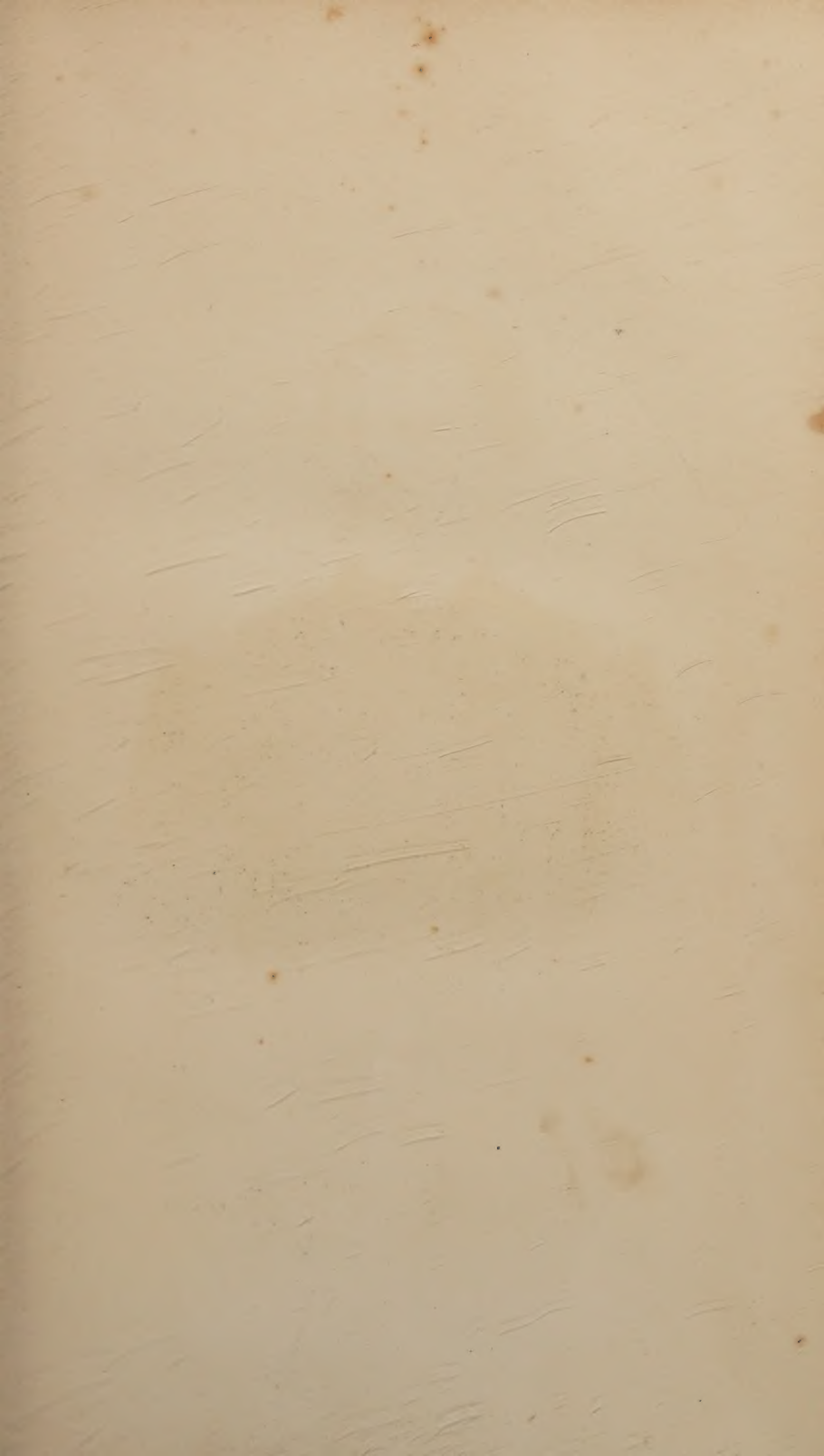
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Geo. B. McClellan

MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

THE
REBELLION IN THE UNITED STATES;

OR,

THE WAR OF 1861;

BEING A

Complete History of its Rise and Progress,

COMMENCING WITH

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE

MOVEMENT OF TROOPS; DESCRIPTION OF BATTLES; LIST OF KILLED AND
WOUNDED; BURNING OF BRIDGES; BURIAL OF SOLDIERS; PATRIOTIC
SPEECHES; AND OTHER INCIDENTS OF INTEREST CON-
NECTED WITH THE REBELLION.

TAKEN FROM

GOVERNMENT DOCUMENTS AND OTHER RELIABLE SOURCES.

VOL. II.

CAREFULLY COMPILED BY

MRS. J. BLAKESLEE FROST.

HARTFORD, 1864.

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PREFACE.

IN submitting to her subscribers the second volume of "The Rebellion in the United States," the authoress begs leave to say that her "fears and anxieties" are in a measure allayed, that the work has passed through the ordeal of criticism by the 'press' and the people favorably, and the sale of it has exceeded her most sanguine expectations.

In this volume, as well as in the preceding one, the authoress has endeavored to deal justly with all, to applaud a good deed wherever found, whether in our rebellious kindred, south of Mason and Dixon's line, or among our own loyal brotherhood, amid the rocks and glens, the beautiful valleys, and flourishing villages of New England, or the sturdy and chivalrous sons of the far distant West, and at the same time equally to censure wrongdoings in all.

The subscribers to this work can rely fully upon the authenticity of all matter contained in this History, as it has been procured from the most reliable sources,

many of the battle-fields and places designated having been visited by the authoress, and no expense has been spared to make it worthy of unlimited confidence and patronage.

The authoress desires, in this brief preface, to thank her friends and subscribers for their patronage and kind wishes, and with the hope that this 'second' volume will prove fully equal to the 'first,' and all they could desire it to be, she begs to be remembered as the friend of the reading public.

J. B. F.

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THE

REBELLION IN THE UNITED STATES.

CHAPTER XI. . .

Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name
From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame.

FROM Headquarters "United States military depot," Annapolis, Md., we receive the following statement of troops which had arrived there up to April 27 (inclusive), and the disposition made of the same, — this, of course, does not include any of those who passed through Baltimore, — only thirteen days since the surrender of Fort Sumter :

Mass. 8th Regiment,	Col. Munroe,	780 men,	Washington.
" 5th "	" Lawrence,	780 "	"
" 1st Lt. Battery,	Maj. Cook,	100 "	6 guns, Annapolis.
" 3d Bat. Rifles,	" Devens,	246 "	"
N. Y. 7th Regiment,	Col. Lefferts,	991 "	Washington.
" 6th "	" Pinckney,	550 "	Annapolis.
" 12th "	" Butterfield,	780 "	Washington.
" 71st "	" Vonsburgh,	780 "	"
Penn. 4th "	" Hartvaup,	390 "	Annapolis.
" 5th "	" McDowell,	780 "	Washington.
" 10th "	" Burnside,	780 "	"
R. I. 1st Rifles,	" Burnside,		
N. Y. 8th Regiment,	" Lyons,	1045 "	Annapolis.
" 69th "	" Corcoran,	1060 "	Washington.
" 13th "	" Smith,	500 "	Annapolis.
" 25th "	" Bryan,	560 "	"

From Washington, the sound comes to us on the breeze, of thousands of exultant voices, "Three cheers for Rhode Island," as the quota of that gallant little State marched proudly along, the first battalion escorting the second, which had just landed. The continental color was carried by the second battalion, and was cheered by the multitude, also cheer on cheer went up for the ladies who marched bravely with the file closers of two companies, the "Florence Nightingales," who had left their homes and friends to minister to the wants of suffering soldiers on the field of battle, though many patriotic ladies, in different places, had enrolled their names as "nurses," to go at any time whenever their services were needed, yet these were the first which had arrived in Washington.

As we progress in this "History," we shall devote, here and there, a bright page to the deeds of daring performed by "heroic" ladies in the din of battle, amidst the roar of cannon and the blaze of musketry, which will show that they possessed "stout hearts," second to none of the olden time.

The baggage train brought up the rear, and Rhode Island had the honor of bringing the best uniformed, armed, and equipped regiment which had arrived in Washington.

When Governor Sprague (of Rhode Island) issued his call for volunteers, about three times the number required presented themselves. To choose from these the number wanted, in the first place every man was subjected, as in the United States regular army, to a careful examination by surgeons. If any defect or infirmity was discovered, the man was set aside.

In one instance a stout built, well-made man, weighing 175 pounds, who told the surgeon he could throw him out of the window, was told, "You can't pass, sir, one of your lungs is diseased." Another, who supposed

himself all right, after a little hesitation was set aside by the surgeon. "What's the matter with me," he said, "ain't I healthy?" "Y-e-s!" was the reply. "Then why can't I go?" Turning down a chair, the surgeon replied, "If you'll jump over that chair you may." The recruit made a resolute dash at the chair, but landed on his back. His legs were not equal to it, so he couldn't go.

After this rigorous examination had thrown aside all the unsound men, there still remained one half more than were wanted, and military officers made a second selection, leaving out one third of the number.

Governor Sprague, who went in command, though a civilian, had been for years a diligent student of military science, and also had opportunity for personal observation of military operations in the late Italian war, so that he is well versed in the theoretical knowledge.

Among the officers of the Rhode Island regiment were Col. Burnside and Major Slocumb, who had both seen service and attained a high reputation in the United States regular army.

The people of this gallant little State are the "counterpart" of her governor, who, as he bade farewell to his friends on the pier, said, "For every man that falls send ten, and don't spare the money."

On the march of the Rhode Island regiment through Maryland, a slave attached himself to the command and followed them until they camped. As soon as the fact was made known to Col. Burnside, he at once directed the return of the slave to his master.

In many instances the slaves along the route from Annapolis to the Junction entreated the Rhode Islanders to take them along with them, but were invariably refused.

The Massachusetts regiment, the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, as well as the Fifth Pennsylvania Regiment, met with similar instances, and as in the case of

Col. Burnside, the return of the slaves to their masters was directed as soon as the discovery of their presence was made. In all three instances the slaves followed these regiments several miles on their march.

In contrast with this, we learn from a Virginia paper that one of the recently raised Virginia companies, numbering one hundred, was composed entirely of the free negroes of Petersburg, and were presented with a beautiful Confederate States flag, made by the Petersburg ladies, "as a token of their appreciation of the generous efforts they were about to make to achieve a successful defence of Virginia soil and principles."

"Charles Tinsley, one of their number, stepped forward to receive the flag, and in reply said: 'We are willing to aid Virginia's cause to the utmost extent of our ability. We do not feel that it is right for us to remain here idle, when white gentlemen are engaged in the performance of work at Norfolk that is more suitable to our hands, and of which it is our duty to relieve them. There is not an unwilling heart among us, not a hand but will tell in the work before us; and we promise unhesitating obedience to all orders that may be given to us.' In reference to the flag, he said, 'I could feel no greater pride, no more genuine gratification, than to be able to plant it *first* upon the ramparts of Fortress Monroe.'

"This patriotic speech was received with a general outburst of cheering and applause.

"The men were then marched down Sycamore Street to the tune of 'Dixie,' to the depot, where, in the presence of an immense crowd of darkies, they took their departure for Norfolk."

An intelligent lady, writing from one of the larger towns in the northern part of Georgia, under date of April-22d, says:—

"I have been intending to write for several days, but

I am so excited and troubled that I have not much heart for any thing. The war is the all-absorbing topic now. Enlisting, drilling, etc., is the employment of the men. Four companies are fitting out from here. Even the cultivated and wealthy citizens are joining the army. Most of the lawyers are going. One of our clergymen preached to the soldiers yesterday. A collection was taken up last Sabbath to aid in fitting out the companies. There is much prayer for the Confederate States and army, and they confidently expect to be victorious. They abuse Lincoln as weak, treacherous, and villainous. Many here appear to think the northern soldiers cowardly and contemptible. To hear the northern people called all kinds of abusive names is trying enough, but to have friends whom I love fighting other near and dear friends, is torturing. These men will fight to the death, and what will be gained in the end ?

“A system of privateering will soon be commenced, and piracy and murder will follow in the train.

“Great rejoicings were manifested at the secession of Virginia. The rest of the slave States are expected soon to follow her example.”

At West Point, Ga., a company of Jews were organized, and an oath taken by the members, requiring half an hour in the reading, breathing fearful “retribution.” A splendid banner was presented to the company, bearing the words “*Jehovah nissi*” — “God is with us,” — and the Ensign, on receiving it, took a solemn oath to plant it on the Capitol at Washington, or die in the attempt.

A gentleman from Richmond gives the following as samples of the speeches to the troops in that city : —

“He listened to one man who publicly stated that the Seventh Regiment had been cut to pieces in the streets of Annapolis, and *that he himself saw* more than one hundred of their dead bodies lying in the streets of that

city. Another man he heard assure the crowd that the Massachusetts vagabonds (her glorious volunteers) had been quartered in the capitol at Washington, and had amused themselves by running their bayonets through the pictures which adorned it, and that the rich hangings of the different rooms had been pulled down, and made into blankets and wrappers for the use of the troops.

“Another man, who was organizing a corps of infantry, told them they had nothing to do but to march to glory and wealth. ‘What,’ said he, ‘could a northern army do on our sterile hills; they would starve to death. But you,’ he continued, ‘have but to march to Washington, and lay that in ashes; then to Philadelphia, which is rich in all kinds of wealth; from that through all the North; there is a village every five miles, and every village has a bank, and every bank has a vault of specie, and you have but to help yourselves.’”

We copy the following from the Petersburg (Va.) Express, showing that the destruction of vessels and munitions of war at the Norfolk Navy Yard was far from complete, and that the rebels obtained much useful material to assist their treasonable designs, which, although considered of little consequence by government, in the hands of the Confederates were converted into powerful engines of war. Particularly is this demonstrated in the case of the Merrimac:—

“The Plymouth will be gotten into the dock to-day, and will soon be ready for service. The falling of the large shears on the Germantown—intended for her utter destruction—did her much less damage than was feared, while, by carrying away her masts and rigging, it saved her from ruin by conflagration; they have already commenced raising her. The Merrimac is, probably, more injured; but it is believed that she may still be turned to good account. Besides, she has 30,000 pounds of powder in her magazine, which, although

under water, is yet so secure by being enclosed in copper receivers, that there is no danger of its being damaged.

"Her battery of five guns—one of the best in the world—was gotten up yesterday and removed to Sewall's Point, where it was remounted behind a strong breastwork, and will eloquently respond to any attempt of a hostile ship to pass through the Roads. When a similar battery shall be planted on Lambert's Point—which will be effected in a few days—the navy of the Northern myrmidons will be effectually backed down to the protecting beach of Fortress Monroe.

"The magnificent howitzer battery of the German-town, consisting of ten guns, was also raised yesterday, and sent to Richmond on board the steamer Northampton. This will fully enable our sister city to give another welcome to the New York 7th Regiment, or to any other friends who may challenge their respects.

"The shot, shell, and other ammunition thrown into the river by the vandal hordes before their flight, are also being raised in large quantities. And it is gratifying to learn, that, contrary to our first impressions and belief, in their haste and fright they actually left several hundred guns, in a remote part of the yard, unspiked.

"The defences at Craney Island and the Hospital are going forward very successfully. At the latter place six of the Dahlgren thirty-two pounders and two brass field-pieces have already been mounted, and six more guns of the former rank will, within two days, be placed beside them. This is a hot-shot battery, and will be irresistible, as, in order to pass it, vessels must come within a half mile of it, and between it and a similar battery at Fort Norfolk. The furnace of the hospital battery is already up, and in good working order."

Throughout the Southern States we find the wildest state of enthusiasm exists; all is excitement, all eager

for the conflict, terrible as it is. Two sections of a mighty nation approaching each other in battle array! The annals of the "Rebellion in the United States" will prove to be the most barbarous, the most bloody, of any which has ever been recorded of any nation in the known world.

We are allowed to copy the following letter from a volunteer belonging to Company H, Fifth Massachusetts Regiment, quartered in the Treasury Department, Washington. It gives a glowing account of the privations and fatigues they endured on their journey to the national capital, and, from the style of composition, we judge it emanated from the "able pen" of some one not much innured to hardships. We give it verbatim, under date April 28th. He says:—

"Here we are, safely and comfortably quartered at the Treasury Department, after a long and extremely fatiguing journey of nearly a week. One week ago to-day we left Boston, little dreaming of what we should be obliged to go through, or the fatigue, thirst, hunger, and exposure that we were capable of enduring. To say that we have suffered extremely but half expresses my meaning. When we gave our services to our country, we did so with what we supposed was a correct understanding of the term "hard" usage; but I am prepared to make the statement now, that not one man, officer or private, had any idea of what we should be obliged to endure. From the hour that we embarked on board the steamer De Soto at New York up to the present time, we have known nothing but extreme privation and real suffering. When we arrived at New York, fatigued but not *hungry*, as the *rations* pressed upon us on the route were almost too generous, we were marched about four miles to the Astor House and took tea. After a rest of a few hours, we marched to the steamer, having been informed that our accommodations for sleeping (not having indulged in

that luxury for forty-eight hours) would be of the first class. We embarked about two o'clock, and, much to our disappointment, made the discovery that the accommodations for us were situated in two different parts of the ship—the first in the hold, on damp straw and cannon balls, and the other on any part of the main deck not occupied by the horses of the Light Artillery. Of the two evils, your humble servant was very much exercised to judge which *was* the least. However, after risking my neck once or twice in descending the impromptu ladder affixed to the hatchway of the hold, I concluded to try my luck, for the first time in my life, on the main deck of a steamship at sea, on a cold, damp April night, with nothing to cover myself with but my military overcoat, and a coil of *very strong hawser* for a pillow. Being exceedingly fatigued I soon went to sleep, and only awoke the next morning to find that instead of refreshing myself with my nap, I had caught a bad cold, and was so stiff and exhausted that I could with much difficulty move at all. Here I commenced my first lesson in the real life of a soldier, and began to find out that it was not *hardly* so romantic and gay as it had been represented. Thinking that perhaps I might feel better after eating a good breakfast, I arose from my *airy couch*, and being already prepared in regard to dress, etc., combed my matted *locks* with my fingers, and proceeded aft for something to eat. After waiting about two hours I perceived *strong* indications of something being handed up the hatchway in the shape of provisions. Gracious Heavens—a huge tin pan full of some kind of fried meat. A grand stampede was made by those not entirely prostrate by sea-sickness, myself among the number, and with both hands I succeeded in getting one small piece of meat and a *handful* of gravy. Coffee was served out in about the same manner, and those who were fortunate enough to have their tin dippers handy,

succeeded in getting some of the vilest stuff that ever disgraced a coffee-pot.

"Most of the men on board being very sea-sick, we had enough to go round ; but the next meal, about five o'clock, P. M., some of the sick ones, unfortunately for the rest of us, had so far recovered as to put their hands into the huge mess kid, and we did not fare even so well as at our morning repast.

"Having eaten every thing we could get hold of, our next anxiety was in regard to a place to sleep again. I had fully made up my mind not to sleep on deck another night, and so began to look around for chances. The prospect seemed dreary indeed. The wind was blowing almost a gale, sea running very high, ship pitching and rolling, weather quite cold, decks covered with water, and no place to sleep. The horses occupied the entire sides of the deck, thus leaving no chance to get under the lee, out of the weather, and every available place in the ship filled to overflowing with fatigued, disgusted, and sea-sick men. However, being so fortunate as not to have the least sign of sea-sickness, I felt very well satisfied that I could find a place somewhere, and started on a prospecting tour. Discovering some of the men crawling into a window, I concluded to avail myself of the same opportunity, and I crawled in. Having got safely inside, I found it to be a large room occupied by the machinery of the steamer, and quite warm and comfortable ; so I bunked down, with an iron piston rod working up and down on each side of my head, and my feet directly over the cylinder. These proving to be comfortable quarters, eight or ten of us occupied them the remainder of the trip.

"The living the next day was even worse than the first — the fresh provisions having given out ; and so we were served with some of the finest *salt horse* ever put aboard a ship. But we were very fast arriving at that

point at which any thing tasted good, and found no fault so long as the quantity was sufficient. So we lived on two days more, eating when we could get any thing to eat, and growling when we had nothing. Salt junk had really become to look inviting, — those who had been sick were fast recovering their appetites, and we were fast approaching a warmer climate. At last the look-out at the masthead gave us the agreeable information that Old Point Comfort was in sight, and the spirits of the men revived amazingly. In the course of the day we arrived off Fort Monroe, at which place we were to receive our orders for subsequent movements, and also await our consort, the "Ariel," with the right wing of our regiment. Here we found the United States ship Cumberland at anchor, having been dragged over the obstacles placed in the Potomac by the Virginians, and now lay safely under the guns of the fort. The colonel went ashore and received his orders, and we at once proceeded back up the bay to Annapolis, about 180 miles. Upon arriving in the river below Annapolis, we found no less than eight large steamships crowded with troops; also the United States steamer Harriet Lane and frigate Constitution (Old Ironsides). We were received here with deafening cheers and salutes from the ships and steamers, and really began to feel at home again. In a short time we were visited by an officer from the Harriet Lane, and ordered to proceed at once to Annapolis; General Wilson was on board the boat that brought the officer, and was loudly cheered by our troops, some of whom had felt as though they should never see anybody again that they had ever known before. This was one of the most beautiful and stirring sights I ever saw; all the steamers were crammed full of patriotic men, cheering Massachusetts, the Union, Constitution, etc.

"We all proceeded up the river to Annapolis, and by seven o'clock were all quartered in that place. There

were about three thousand troops there — Gov. Sprague's Rhode Island regiment, New York Seventy-first, Massachusetts Fifth, besides a huge volunteer regiment from Pennsylvania. The next day the Sixth and Twelfth from New York and others arrived. This Annapolis is one of the most beautiful little places I ever saw. The houses and barracks are all in good order, and in front, next the water, is a fine large parade ground. There were about two hundred and fifty midshipmen there when we first went there, and a smarter looking set of little fellows you never saw. The school was broken up before we left, and the boys were all transported by steamer down the bay to the frigate Constitution, to be carried to New York. They marched down to the wharf with the band playing Hail Columbia, Sweet Home, etc., and left amid the cheers of the troops and firing of cannon. Some of them seemed to feel very sad at being obliged to leave, but most of them, boy-like, were very glad to be relieved of the restraints of a naval school.

“About seven o'clock on Thursday evening, the Fifth Massachusetts Regiment received orders to proceed at once to Washington. Not expecting to leave before seven o'clock the next morning, the men had made arrangements to sleep where we were quartered, in the chapel of the school. The bustle of preparation immediately commenced, and in half an hour the entire regiment was ready for a start. We had been informed when we first arrived at Annapolis, that we should be obliged to march to Annapolis Junction, so called, where the Annapolis branch connects with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the rails having been torn up by the secessionists along the road, and the locomotive taken apart and strewed about the fields in the vicinity of the railroad. But the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment having laid the track and repaired the engine, it was understood that we should go in the cars. Arriving at the depot at

about half-past nine o'clock, it was found that the railroad had not sufficient cars to carry the whole of us, and therefore the left wing of the regiment would be obliged to march the entire distance (twenty miles). At about eleven o'clock, P. M., we started, all tired out, having had very little sleep, very poor living, and all lumbered up with overcoats, knapsacks, haversacks, with three days' rations, and heavy muskets. The prospect seemed gloomy indeed—to start at eleven o'clock at night to march twenty miles through the heart of an enemy's country, after we had been promised by the Baltimore papers, that if we passed over the route any way we should be treated to a running guerilla fight. But Massachusetts soldiers are seldom intimidated by such threats as these, and by vote of the regiment we started. I don't believe there was ever a regiment started off in the night under more inauspicious circumstances than the gallant Fifth. To say that we suffered is a tame expression. I myself saw men marching along, mile after mile, sound asleep; then they would run against a sleeper, stumble, and wake up. It seems hardly possible that men, fresh from their homes as we were, not having been hardened to such a style of life and exposure, could endure what we did on that forced march in the night, through the heart of Maryland, on a railroad track, with sand half-knee deep, expecting every moment to be attacked by the Baltimore roughs.

“That the roads were filled with spies and scouts we have no doubt, as when we left Annapolis, rockets and signals were fired from several points, probably informing the enemy of our march. However, we were not attacked, and by dint of much persuasion and threats on the part of the officers, who, though as much fatigued as the men, knew that if they left any one asleep on the road it would probably be his last sleep, we arrived at the Junction.

“It was intended to have the train that carried up the right wing of the regiment return and take us up, and much surprise was manifested that it did not come; but it was easily accounted for. When we got within about two miles of the Junction, there lay the train thrown off the track. It seems that between the time the train passed up and its return, some of our gentle friends in Maryland had torn up a rail, and the consequence was that two cars and the tender were thrown partially down an embankment twenty feet high. Fortunate it was for us that the train run off on the downward trip, as, if it had passed there and taken us on board, the train would probably have gone entirely over the embankment, as the engine would have been on the other end of the train. Shortly after we passed the disabled train we arrived at a depot, at which were some half dozen or more citizens, and some of our men were very strongly inclined to string up two or three of them as examples. That portion of Maryland through which we have passed is certainly the most miserable-looking country, and the people generally the most ignorant, stupid, lazy-looking bipeds that any of our people ever saw. The soil is a miserable, light-colored sand, and there seems to be hardly vegetation enough to keep even the poor miserable slaves alive that do the work. Most of our men think that if Jeff. Davis is willing to take Maryland, and will come under obligation to keep it, the best thing that could possibly be done by the United States government would be to let him have it.

“Well, we arrived at the Junction, and met here the Seventy-first of New York, which had come over the same route the day before. Here our accommodations were worse than ever before; nothing but a few small trees to shelter us from the hot sun, and nothing to eat but what we brought in our haversacks, three days old. We made out to consume most of the day by sleeping under the

trees and getting rested. The two small, miserable-looking hovels at this place are called by the proprietors *hotels*. The smallest and most miserable looking of the two rejoiceth in the euphonious title of the "Howard House!" The furniture in each is similar — four rough chairs, a dirty pine table, and three or four disgusting looking niggers. The proprietors did a very good trade during the fore part of the day, dispensing some of the most abominable whiskey that was ever drank. The slaves of Maryland are much better protected against this stuff than the whites, inasmuch as there is a heavy penalty and fine for giving a negro any liquor; the whites have no protection whatever! The people in the surrounding country did a good business in selling villainous pies, hard boiled eggs, etc., at enormous prices. A wagon load of milk that was brought down from toward Baltimore was supposed to have been poisoned, and orders were immediately given to the troops to buy no more of the stuff offered for sale, and the venders were ordered off, with the comfortable assurance that if they were seen around the quarters after dark they would be shot by the sentries.

"The railroad being in good condition from this place to Washington, in the afternoon a train came down for the Seventy-first Regiment of New York. The order of proceeding is, to leave troops enough along the line of the railroad to keep it open and free, and as soon as one regiment arrives another is sent off. The New York regiment went aboard the cars, with all their baggage, etc., ready for a start, when news was received that our regiment was to be attacked that night by troops from Baltimore, which is only eighteen miles off. It was very well known that there had been spies about the camp during the day, but they could not be detected. These spies probably obtained information that the Seventy-first was to leave, and that the left wing of our regiment (the right

wing, under the colonel, having gone on to Washington in the morning) would be left, with only a regiment of raw recruits from Pittsburg (Germans), having no uniform, poorly equipped and all used up, having made the march from Annapolis during the preceding thirty hours, with nothing to eat since five o'clock in the morning, and of course nearly useless. The New York regiment was immediately ordered to disembark from the cars, we were all ordered into line, and slept on our arms nearly all night. The guard was doubled, pickets and skirmishers thrown out, and great excitement prevailed. It was understood that some four thousand Maryland troops were within a few miles of our camp all night, but for some reason did not think it advisable to attack us—much to our disappointment. There seems to be a strong prejudice in Maryland against Massachusetts troops, and we all very much regret that they postponed the attack. The Fifth Regiment would be very glad to have an opportunity to avenge the deaths of our brothers of the gallant Sixth, and if they had come upon us we had made up our minds not to let a single man escape us. We think there is no doubt of our ability to have done our work well if they had only given us a chance. Fatigued as we were, and worn out with long marches and poor rations, very much disappointment was expressed on all sides that we had no chance to teach them that Massachusetts is not to be trifled with.

About four o'clock in the morning we all started for Washington, leaving the Pennsylvania regiment and the Twelfth from New York—which had arrived during the night—in possession of the post. Twenty men from each company were detailed and dropped along the road between the Junction and Washington to keep the line open. So we now have a direct line of communication and transportation between Annapolis and Washington, the train and locomotive off the track having been put

to rights. Arriving at Washington about seven o'clock, we were immediately marched to our quarters—the Treasury Department—where we now are, and have come under strict army regulations. We have splendid accommodations, and hope to fare a little better than since we left New York. The building being in the grounds of the White House, and having the free use of every thing in and about the premises, if we do not enjoy ourselves while we are here it will be our own fault.

“Some of us (including myself) were fortunate enough to be in the vicinity of the White House yesterday (Saturday) afternoon, when the band of the Seventh Regiment gave the President a serenade. Mr. Lincoln, his whole family, Mr. Seward, Mr. Cameron, Carl Schurz, and other notables of a less magnitude, appeared on the balcony, remaining during the whole serenade. Some of our regiment stationed themselves directly under the balcony in order to get a good sight of Old Abe, when the President came forward and asked us where we were from; on being told “Massachusetts” he seemed very much pleased, and turning to his family they all came forward, and for a few moments we were the observed of the whole party. He is not the *homely* looking man represented, by any means. Our party came to the unanimous conclusion that he was a fine, smart-looking man.

“A company of United States dragoons are quartered in the building with us, and a fine-looking set of men they are. The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment are in the Senate Chamber, the Eighth in the Rotunda, the New York Seventh in the Representatives' Hall, the Rhode Islanders in the Patent Office, the Seventy-first (New York) in the Inauguration Ball Room, and the other regiments in various parts of the city. Washington is, in fact, crowded full of troops—some say 20,000—and I hardly see where they could put any more here. The New York

Seventh go into camp to-morrow at Georgetown. The Capitol is overflowing with "sojers." I have been informed by some of the citizens of Washington that great anxiety was felt here last week before the troops began to arrive; but they seem very much relieved now. The people on the opposite side of the Potomac display a remarkably venomous spirit toward the citizens here, and it is about as much as a man's life is worth to go over there alone. A native of Alexandria, Va., now doing business in this city, and belonging to one of the Washington volunteer companies, told me last night that although his father, mother, brothers and sisters lived there now, he no more dared to go over and visit them than if they were a parcel of hostile Indians. One week ago to-day he thought he would go over and see his mother, and jumping on to his horse he rode over, thinking of nothing but his errand home. But, alas for him, his connection with the military of Washington had gone before him; spies had sent notice of his approach to his native town, and when he arrived he was received by *his own brother*, rope in hand, and notified that he had just five minutes to get out of Virginia—which, considering that it is at least *ten* minutes swift riding to Washington, his chance seemed very small indeed. But he spurred his horse to his utmost, and although speedily followed by his generous townsmen, also on horseback, he succeeded in eluding his pursuers, and crossed the line about two minutes in advance of his amiable brother, who, with rope still in hand, had been foremost in pursuit.

"The people of Washington have always depended upon their neighbors across the Potomac for their produce, vegetables, eggs, etc., but not one citizen of that State is now allowed to bring or send to market the least article of produce, although actually suffering for the want of the money which their produce would insure. The people now here are generally Union men. All known

seceders have been required to leave, and there seems to be nearly as strong a Union feeling here as in Boston. Among the military now here, none are more enthusiastic or stronger Union men than the military companies of this District.

"This account of my military experience since I left Boston may seem to be a record of hardships. That they have been somewhat severe is true; that we were not exactly prepared for so severe a trial on the start, is also true; but that any man in the regiment is discouraged and disheartened is *not* true; and all seem willing to go through even more, if necessary, to perform their duty. Our quarters are very pleasant. The Treasury, as you know, is situated at the opposite end of Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol, directly at the side and just in front of the White House, in full view of the Washington Monument, the Potomac, etc., and is in one of the healthiest, as well as most pleasant localities in Washington. Some of the regiments have very poor accommodations, especially those in the Capitol; splendid rooms, magnificent floors and carpets, but not sufficient accommodations for cooking, etc. So, as we probably have had the hardest time of any of the regiments in getting here, it is partly made up by having good quarters and plenty of the very best of rations now that we are here."

May 2. Judge Campbell, of the United States Supreme Court, who resided in Alabama, sent in his resignation.

New York Sixty-ninth Regiment (Col. Corcoran) arrived at Washington, also Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves.

Legislature of Missouri convened. Governor Jackson, in his message to the Legislature, justified the action of the Confederate States, but did not recommend *immediate* secession.

Gen. Harney, who, it will be remembered, was arrested

at Harper's Ferry while on his way to Washington (April 25th) by the Virginia authorities, and released on the 30th by order of Gov. Letcher, addressed a letter to Col. O'Fallon of St. Louis declaring he would never serve under any other banner than the one he had followed for forty years; that he would continue in the service of the government which had bestowed its honors upon him, and so long as he had breath he would be its faithful and loyal soldier, and implored his fellow-citizens of Missouri not to be seduced and become the instruments of the mad ambition of designing men, but to devote their efforts to the maintenance of the Federal Government and the perpetuation of its blessings to posterity.

Under this date we received from Petersburg, Va., this very uncomplimentary allusion to our troops, after describing the movement for the defence of the Federal capital:—

“God help the city of Washington and its inhabitants when the miserable hirelings and cut-throats reach there.”

We are indebted to the Mobile Register for the following *glowing* effusion, in speaking of the New York Seventh Regiment; it says:—

“This city (Mobile) has just sent forth four hundred of the flower of its youth to the same field of struggle. Not a hireling among them, but our brave brothers and sons, who have left homes and comforts, friends and peace behind, to fight for the liberty of their people and the honor of their flag. The North will fight this war with hired troops, the scum of her cities and rural districts, made starving by its war upon the South. *We rejoice that New York has sent one corps of its ‘best blood.’* For every life of our youth sacrificed, the loss of ten Northern ruffians would be no equivalent.”

May 3. Connecticut Legislature voted, unanimously,

\$2,000,000 from her treasury, for public defence, also called into the field 10,000 additional troops for the defence of the government, evincing a patriotism worthy the best days of the republic.

The President issued a proclamation calling for 82,000 additional men for the army and navy of the United States; 42,000 volunteers, 22,000 regulars, and 18,000 seamen.

Gov. Letcher, of Virginia, issued a proclamation authorizing the commanding general to call out and muster into service such additional volunteers as he might deem necessary.

The privateer Savannah (No. 1), of the Confederate States, was captured by the United States brig Perry.

May 4. Union meeting in Preston, Va., also an immense Union meeting in Wheeling. Hon. Frank Pierpont of Mason county, and George M. Porter, late member of the convention, addressed the people in able speeches, urging resistance to the secession ordinance, and favoring the division of the State. Resolutions were adopted approving the action of the merchants in refusing to pay taxes to the authorities at Richmond, denunciatory of the secession ordinance, and declaring adhesion to the stars and stripes.

In Louisville, Ky., Union delegates to a Border State convention were elected by 7,000 majority.

On the morning of the 4th the committee of the Maryland legislature held an interview with President Lincoln in which they admitted both the right and power of government to bring troops through Baltimore or the State, and to take any measures for public safety which in the discretion of the President might be demanded either by actual or reasonably-apprehended exigencies. They expressed the belief that no immediate effort of resistance to Federal authority would be attempted by the legislature or State authorities, and asked that, in this

view, Maryland would, as long as possible, be spared the evils of military occupation or mere revengeful chastisement for former transgressions. The President replied, that their suggestions and representations should be considered, but he would now say no more than that the public interest, and not the spirit of revenge, would actuate his measures.

May 4. Funeral at Lawrence of Corporal Needham.

The remains of Corporal Sumner H. Needham, of the Massachusetts Sixth, who fell a victim to the brutality of an incensed mob in the streets of Baltimore, were conveyed from Boston in a special train, and arrived in Lawrence on the afternoon of the 3d, and were given in charge of the friends for the night, and on the morning of the 4th were removed to the City Hall, where it lay in state until half past one, when the funeral services took place. At the close of the services, which were deeply impressive, the remains were escorted from the hall to the cemetery by the military, and followed by the family, city government, invited guests, the clergy, firemen, and other organizations and citizens generally. The hall was decorated in mourning, the flags in the city were hoisted at half-mast, and a profound sadness pervaded the entire community. We feel called upon to dwell more at length on these sad events, as they record the first blood shed in the rebellion, and the commencement of a war, which, for suffering, brutality, and bloodshed, has no equal on the page of the world's history, and which it would seem impossible to enter into the mind of man to conceive. The funeral ceremonies of the other two martyrs, Addison O. Whitney and Luther C. Ladd, were performed in Lowell, on the 6th, in a manner worthy the cause in which they fell, and the patriotic spirit of the times, after which the remains of Whitney were sent to his native State (Maine), and those of Mr. Ladd to Alexandria, N. H., for interment.

It is said that one of these brave men, when struck by the fatal ball, struggled, stood erect, with his face toward the blue sky above him, his dying eyes having caught for the last time a glimpse of the flag, and, extending his hands in joyful greeting, cried out, with unfaltering voice, "All hail to the stars and stripes," and expired. In his agony of glory he spoke for a continent.

May 4. The War Department, having previously issued an order creating a military department at Annapolis, under General Butler, embracing Annapolis and the railroad from Annapolis to Bladensburg, with twenty-one miles each side of the track, and including Baltimore.

General Scott forwarded despatches to General Butler at Annapolis, placing the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment and other troops at his command, and giving him three days to take possession of the Relay House, at the junction of the Baltimore and Ohio and the Baltimore and Washington Railroads, nine miles from Baltimore and thirty from Washington.

General Butler responded that he would hold religious services there the next day (Sunday). Accordingly, early on the morning of the fifth he sent up the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment to take possession of the Junction at the Relay House, and at noon the Fifty-Second Regiment of New York, and Massachusetts Eighth Regiment arrived in the train from Washington, and encamped on the west side of Patapsco River, and took possession of the telegraph wires, planted eight howitzers on the viaduct, and invested the entire neighborhood.

May 6. Virginia was admitted into the Southern Confederacy, in secret session of the Confederate Congress.

The Arkansas convention passed an ordinance of secession sixty-nine to one.

The official correspondence between Minister Faulkner

at Paris with Secretary Seward, relative to his interview with Mr. Thouvenel, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, concerning the difficulties in America, was published, by which it appears that Mr. Faulkner waited upon M. Thouvenel and conferred with him concerning American affairs; discussed the President's inaugural, and added, that it embraced the views of the President upon the present difficulties, and also that it was an exposition of the policy it was the purpose of the government to pursue. That the President entertained full confidence of a speedy restoration of the harmony and unity of the government, by a firm and liberal policy, coöperating with the action of the people, and that the President regretted the occurrence of events which might produce inconvenience to subjects of France; but that all injuries should be indemnified; and added, that the only request he had to make was, that in case the Confederate States should appeal to foreign powers for a recognition of their independence, that no proposition recognizing the permanent dismemberment of the American Union should be considered by the French government, at least until the reception of the new minister.

M. Thouvenel replied, that no application had yet been made, that the French government was not in the habit of acting hastily upon such questions, and believed that the maintenance of the Federal Union was desirable for the benefit both of the North and South, as well as for the interests of France, and the government of the United States might rest well assured that no hasty or precipitate action would be taken upon the subject by the Emperor.

An Act recognizing the existence of war between the United States and the seceded States, and legalizing piracy, which passed the Congress at Montgomery, April 29th, was published, section 10th of which reads: "A bounty shall be paid by the Confederate States of twenty

dollars for each person on board any vessel belonging to the United States, at the commencement of an engagement, which shall be burnt, sunk, or destroyed by any vessel as aforesaid, which shall be of equal or inferior force, the same to be divided as in other cases of prize money ; and a bounty of twenty-five dollars shall be paid to the owners, officers, and crews of the private-armed vessels, commissioned as aforesaid, for each and every prisoner by them captured and brought into port, and delivered to an agent authorized to receive them, in any port of the Confederate States."

Section 11th requires the commanding officer to keep a regular journal, containing a true and exact account of all proceedings and transactions with such vessel and the crew thereof, to be delivered to the collector on arriving in port.

Section 12th provides that commanders neglecting or refusing to keep such record, shall have their commissions revoked, and be subject to a fine of one thousand dollars.

Section 15th provides that five per cent. of the prize money arising from captured vessels and cargoes shall be paid over to the collectors of customs, as a fund for the support and maintenance of the widows and orphans of such persons as may be slain, and for the support and maintenance of such persons as may be wounded and disabled on board of the private-armed vessels in any engagement with the enemy.

President Davis, in his message, makes a statement to the Confederates of the operations of the army and navy departments, the number of men at his command, the money appropriated for war purposes, and adds, "Two vessels purchased, have been named the Sumter (formerly Habana), and Macree, and are being prepared for sea at New Orleans, with all possible despatch."

The steamer Daniel Webster succeeded in making her escape, and arriving at New York from New Orleans, via Havana, with her passengers and outward freight, having been ordered back by her agent at New Orleans. Steamer W. H. Webb, with two thirty-two pounders, and a crew of seventy-five men, was at the bar, with the intention of taking the Daniel Webster, but while the captain of the W. H. Webb was waiting orders from New Orleans, the Daniel Webster put to sea, without landing her passengers and cargo, and succeeded in making good her escape.

May 7. Major Anderson, of Fort Sumter, accepted command of the Kentucky volunteers. Troops were constantly flocking towards the national capital by thousands daily. The railroads throughout the free States were appropriated for the use of government, for the transmission of troops, stores, and munitions of war. In deed and in truth there was no lack of men, money, or any needful thing to aid in putting down the rebellion. The contributions of the people of the North, for the war, during the three weeks previous to May 7th, amounted to \$23,277,000, and every other necessary article was given in proportion.

The Second Regiment, New Hampshire volunteers — composed of the Mechanics Phalanx of Manchester, and five companies from Lancaster, Littleton, and vicinity — about four hundred in number, were the first troops to leave the State. Relatives and friends in great numbers flocked to the station to bid them farewell, mothers and fair maidens were in tears, and on every hand might be heard the exclamations, "God bless you," "Do your duty faithfully," "Preserve the honor of the Granite State," and many others of similar import.

Governor Harris, of Tennessee, sent a message to the General Assembly, announcing the formation of a

military league between that State and the Confederate States.

May 9. The Congress at Montgomery passed an act authorizing Jefferson Davis to raise such a force for the war as he might deem expedient.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a bill appropriating three millions of dollars for war purposes.

The First Regiment Connecticut volunteers left New Haven for the seat of war; also the First Regiment Vermont volunteers left Rutland for Washington. Not only were the Eastern and Middle States in motion, but the West, almost *en masse*, like a mighty cataract, was moving on toward the national capital, eager to lay themselves on the altar of their country, for their country's good; and the multitudes who gathered to see these regiments depart were witnesses to many heart-rending scenes, many a tear-dimmed eye, many an outburst of sorrow and affectionate adieu, which will be as lasting as the world, even till the resurrection morning.

May 10. A brigade of the Missouri State militia, under General Frost (rebel), in camp at Camp Jackson, surrendered unconditionally on demand of Captain Lyon, commander of United States forces in St. Louis.

It appears that the governor of that State, who was a secessionist, had been doing all in his power to precipitate the community into the hands of the rebel leaders. One of his ingenious schemes was the formation of a *State* militia, which was simply a rebel force under another name. Captain Lyon could not suffer this defiant treasonable body to organize and gain strength close under his eye, so he marched on Camp Jackson with some 6,000 volunteers, surrounded it, and planted eight field-pieces on the adjoining eminences. Captain Lyon then sent a letter to General Frost, charging him with being openly in communication with the Southern Confederacy, and in direct hostility to the government

of the United States and coöperation with its enemies, receiving at Camp Jackson, and under its flag, for said Confederacy, large supplies and materials of war, most of which were known to be the property of the United States, and demanded an immediate surrender of his command, with no other conditions than that all the persons surrendering should be humanely and kindly treated, and giving him half an hour to comply with the demand. General Frost replied that he was unprepared successfully to resist the attack; he therefore accepted the terms specified and surrendered his command, about eight hundred men being in camp, and a large number being in the city on leave; they then laid down their arms, and were escorted to the city as prisoners of war. Release on parole was tendered to the officers and troops, providing they took the oaths not to take up arms against the United States government, which they declined to do. They were accordingly confined in the arsenal, but released on the next day by acceding to these propositions.

General Frost and his officers gave their parole under protest, and the men took the oath not to serve against the United States.

Just before the troops left for the city, and while the State forces were drawn up between the lines of the volunteers, rocks and other missiles were thrown at the volunteers, and a few pistol shots were fired by excited persons in the crowd, which was composed of a large number of citizens, including many women. One shot took effect in the leg of Captain Biantowski, and as he fell he gave the order to fire, which was obeyed, resulting in the death of several in the crowd, and severely wounding many others.

General Sam Houston, in a speech at Independence, Texas, declared his opposition to the coercive policy of the Federal government.

President Lincoln issued a proclamation authorizing the commander of the forces of the United States on the coast of Florida, to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and to remove from the vicinity of the United States fortresses all dangerous or suspected persons.

No one can realize the amount of embarrassment which the government has encountered from the necessity of intrusting the execution of its orders to an army and navy almost half demoralized by officers of treasonable sympathies.

When it was decided to employ troops for the defence of the capital, staff-officers, after remaining long enough in the War Department to acquire as much knowledge as possible of the details, resigned, to carry that knowledge into the camp of the enemy.

When the Norfolk Navy Yard was found to be in danger, orders were despatched from the Navy Department to have all the vessels taken out. Officers at the yard, secretly sympathizing with secession, first prevented the execution of the orders, on the ground that it was not necessary, and then resigned. The Navy Department, on being apprised of this, instantly sent Commodore Paulding down to save the property. But it was then too late. All that could then be done was to destroy it, to prevent its falling into the hands of the secessionists.

When the Seventh Regiment and the Massachusetts troops arrived at Annapolis, the capital was almost defenceless. A quartermaster was ordered to go to Annapolis from Washington to hasten their march. He went, as was supposed, to execute his mission; but, instead of bringing in the desired reinforcements, coolly, at his leisure, brought in his resignation!

These are but a few items out of a whole volume of unwritten history. At every step, for a while, the

government was clogged and crippled by traitors, who drew their pay and affected loyalty so long as nothing was required of them, but who, at the critical moment when their services were wanted, deserted to the enemy.

CHAPTER XII.

The star-flowering banner must never be furled,
For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world.

MAY 10. Colonel Jones, in command of the Sixth Regiment at the Relay House, received an intimation that an immense steam-gun, capable of firing several times in a minute, and made by Ross Winans, and called Winans' steam-gun, had been sent on a train from Baltimore to Harper's Ferry, concealed in shavings. The gun escaped the vigilance of the inspecting guard, when Colonel Jones started an extra train, and overtook the train at Ellicott's Mills, six miles from the Junction, and captured the gun and placed it in a position to command the viaduct over the Patapsco River at Elk Ridge Landing.

MAY 11. The Queen of England issued a proclamation of neutrality.

The United States steam frigate Niagara arrived off the bar of Charleston, S. C., and began the blockade of that port.

A great Union demonstration in San Francisco, Cal. Nothing like it was ever seen there before. Business was entirely suspended. The streets were filled with people, and flags were as plenty as stacks of grain in a wheat field. Senators Latham and McDougal, and Generals Sumner, Shields, and others, made addresses in favor of sustaining the Administration.

Resolutions were adopted that secession should be put down, and the Union preserved. A procession moved through the streets, embracing all the military and civil organizations, and thousands of citizens on foot, on

horseback, and in carriages. All political parties joined in the demonstration, which was every way worthy the patriotism and energy of that young and growing State.

The city of St. Louis was the scene of another terrible tragedy. At about six o'clock, a large body of the Home Guard entered the city through Fifth Street from the arsenal, where they had been enlisted during the day, and furnished with arms. On reaching Walnut Street, a large crowd lined the pavements to witness their progress; at the corner of Fifth Street, parties among spectators began hooting, hissing, and otherwise abusing the companies. A boy of fourteen discharged a pistol into the ranks; part of the rear company immediately turned and fired upon the crowd; the whole column was instantly in confusion, breaking the ranks and discharging their muskets down their own line and among the people on the sidewalks.

The shower of balls for a few minutes was terrible, the bullets flying in every direction, entering doors, windows, and private residences, breaking shutters, and even smashing bricks in the third story. The utmost confusion and consternation prevailed, the spectators fleeing in all directions, and but for the random firing of the troops, scores of people must have been killed, as most of the firing was in the direction down their own ranks. The troops suffered most severely — four of their number were instantly killed and several wounded.

Immense crowds of people filled the streets after the occurrence, and the most intense indignation was manifested against the Germans; the regulars, volunteers, and Home Guards being mostly composed of Germans. Several innocent Germans were shot in the streets. Mayor Taylor addressed the excited crowd, and induced them to disperse, under the promise that no violence should be done.

In order to allay the excitement, and to restore con-

fidence to the people, General Harney, commanding the Military Department of the West, issued a proclamation to the people of St. Louis and the State, which was posted throughout the city, expressing deep regret at the state of things existing there, and pledging himself to do all in his power to preserve the peace, and calling on the people and the public authorities to aid him in the discharge of his duties, and said that the military corps under his command could only be used at the last extremity, and hoped he should not be compelled to resort to martial law, but that the public peace must be preserved, and the lives of the people protected. Disclaiming any desire or intention to interfere with the prerogatives of the State of Missouri, or with the functions of its executive, yet he considered it his duty to express to the people, in respectful but decided language, that within the field or scope of his command the supreme laws of the land must and should be maintained.

May 13. The troops under General Butler, at the Relay House, entered Baltimore and encamped on Federal Hill. The next day the general issued a proclamation concerning his occupation of that city, duly warning all traitors against the transportation from the city to the rebels of articles fitted to aid and support troops in the field; that proof of such intention, on the part of the consignees, would render the goods liable to seizure and confiscation. That no flag, banner, ensign, or device of the Confederate States, or any of them, would be permitted to be raised or shown in his department; that he wished it thoroughly understood by all traitors, their aiders and abettors, that their rebellious acts must cease; that no loyal and well-disposed citizen would be disturbed in his lawful occupation or business; that private property should not be interfered with by the men under his command or others, except so far as it might be used to afford aid and comfort to those in rebellion against

the government; that the ordinary operations of the corporate government of the city of Baltimore and of the civil authorities would not be interfered with, but, on the contrary, would be aided by all the power at the command of the general, upon proper call being made. That he wished to treat all citizens of his department as friends and brothers, having a common purpose, a common loyalty, and a common country; that any infractions of the laws by the troops under his command, or any disorderly and unsoldierlike conduct, or any interference with private property, would be most rigorously punished. During the afternoon, General Butler made a formal demand on the city authorities for the delivery of a quantity of arms stored in the warehouse of John S. Gittings. Marshal Kane refused to deliver up the arms without the officers produced an order from the mayor. Finally, an order was produced, and the arms were brought out—2,200 muskets and 4,000 pikes, making fifteen dray loads. A guard of Federal troops were placed over the arms, and they were escorted by the police to the fort; the pikes were manufactured for the city by Winans. On the following day, when the train from Frederick reached the Relay House, a detachment of Federal officers were in waiting, who arrested Ross Winans on a charge of treason; he was taken to Fort McHenry, and on the 17th was discharged by orders from Washington, upon his giving his parole of honor that he would do no act hostile to the government of the United States.

May 14. The Second Regiment of Maine volunteers, Colonel Jameson (the first to leave the State), left Bangor for the seat of war.

The departure of the regiment from Bangor was attended by many interesting features. A splendid flag, made of silk, mounted with the emblematic eagle in gold, with heavy gold tassels, prepared by the ladies of

Bangor, was presented, with an appropriate speech, by one of the young ladies, after which the regiment was addressed by Vice-President Hamlin, in a most earnest, eloquent, and touching tribute to the patriotism of the people, who had with so wonderful a promptness and unanimity sprung to the defence of the country in its hour of greatest peril. After the conclusion of the remarks, reiterated cheers were given for the gallant men of the Second Regiment, the ladies of Bangor, Vice-President Hamlin, and the flag. The column was then formed and marched to the railway station, immense crowds cheering them on the route. They arrived at the station about 10 o'clock, and were received with a salute from the field-pieces of the Brown Artillery, and deafening cheers from apparently nearly the whole population of the city, besides great numbers from the adjoining towns.

The troops, being formed in line, were allowed about fifteen minutes for the last leave-taking of relatives and friends, and the scene which then ensued was one which cannot be described, — we have often tried to give a description of these partings, but tried in vain, — our pen has not the power to shed from its diamond point the glowing words which would do justice to such a scene. It moved to tears even the thousands of spectators who had no immediate friends among the troops, and on the part of the relatives was sad and touching indeed.

At a quarter before eleven the troops had taken their places in the long train of sixteen cars, and as it moved away under the giant efforts of three locomotives, the cannon again boomed, and shout upon shout rent the air from the multitude, from the troops on board the train, and from the decks of the shipping in the river. With the prayers and blessings of the people, with cheers of encouragement, and tears of regretful partings, the brave fellows of the gallant Second went forth to glory and

honor in their country's cause. Arrived in Portland about twelve o'clock at night, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, were warmly greeted by a large assemblage of citizens. They were escorted to Mechanics Hall, where a supper was provided for them, and then to their quarters in the new City Building.

They left Portland at half past 10 o'clock on the morning of the 15th, amid the wildest enthusiasm of the people. At every town on the route there was a spontaneous outpouring of all classes, who flocked in immense numbers to the stations and along the railroad. At Exeter, N. H., a salute was fired, and a band stationed at the depot played the national airs. At nearly every station the Bangor Cornet Band responded to the greetings of the people, and the troops returned the cheers of those they left behind.

Young and old, of both sexes, after waiting for hours the arrival of the train, welcomed the echo of the shrill alarm in the distance with outbursts of joy, and as the cars swept past, venerable men, whose hoary locks fluttered in the breeze, raised their feeble voices, and waved their hats aloft, and when, overcome by their feelings, the troops were fairly past, buried their faces in their hands, and sunk down in prayer for the preservation of those who had gone forth, many of them never to return.

About five o'clock the train entered the depot at Boston, and was greeted with hearty cheers. The sons of Maine turned out, to the number of about six hundred, and, headed by Gilmore's Band, proceeded to the depot to join in the escort duty. After a slight delay the troops marched out of the depot and formed in the square: the scene was one of the most intense interest. About twenty thousand people assembled to join in the welcome to the soldiers. As the Maine troops appeared, three cheers for the gallant sons of the "Pine-Tree State" were called for, and given with an earnestness and will which made

the air resound. From hundreds of windows the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and from stalwart artisans on the house-tops the cheers came answering back. At every step of the way cheer upon cheer rent the air. Cheers for "the Pine Tree State," cheers "for Maine," cheers "for the big fellows on the left," cheers "for the big fellows on the right," and cheers for the Maine troops; some of the spectators were not content with cheering, but grasped the soldiers by the hands as they passed, and bade them God speed on their mission. The sons of Maine looked proud; and well they might, to look upon the troops from their native State, a regiment only a few days old, yet, in every way worthy of the State which sent them forth, stalwart and hardy, but evincing in every movement, steadiness and subordination.

After being amply supplied with the "good things eatable," set before them at the different hotels, they were escorted to the State House, where they were greeted with an earnest and eloquent address from the governor and others, bidding them welcome to rest and repose while on their weary march, beneath the shade of the old "Commonwealth," welcome to the hearts of Massachusetts, and farewell with a God speed on their high, noble, and patriotic march.

At the close of the remarks, the regiment, escorted by the Cadets and Brigade Band, proceeded to the depot of the "Old Colony" road, and about twenty minutes before nine, the train, consisting of sixteen long passenger and two baggage cars, moved out of the depot. The enthusiasm at this point was redoubled on both sides, and continued till the cars had got far out of the depot.

May 15. Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, called for volunteers, in pursuance of the President's order, for three months' troops for the defence of the national capital.

Massachusetts legislature passed a bill offering to loan the government seven millions of dollars.

May 16. Bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad destroyed by rebels, to prevent the passage of Federal troops to Harper's Ferry.

Gen. Scott ordered the fortification of Arlington Heights. Brigadier-Generals Butler and McClellan were appointed major-generals.

Military encampments of secessionists at St. Joseph's and Liberty, Mo., were broken up.

May 17. The Congress at Montgomery authorized the issue of confederate bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars, payable in twenty years, at an interest not exceeding eight per cent.

May 18. Arkansas was admitted to the Southern Confederacy.

The military department of Virginia, embracing Eastern Virginia to the summit of the Blue Ridge, and the States of North and South Carolina was created, and Major-General Butler was placed in command, making his head-quarters at Fortress Monroe.

May 19. United States steamer Monticello attacked the rebel battery on Sewall's Point, at the mouth of the Elizabeth River, by throwing a three and a half pound shot into their vicinity. In a moment, the flag of Virginia was run up, and a shot returned from the battery. Immediately, the order was given on board the Monticello, "All men to quarters," and the firing commenced from a pivot, ten inch shell gun, and a thirty-two pounder; and on the part of the rebels from three thirty-two pounders, and two six pound rifled cannon. The engagement lasted about an hour and ten minutes, during which time, the Monticello fired one hundred and fourteen times, shot and shell; the shot from the battery struck the vessel several times, but with very little injury. The Monticello finding they were short of ammu-

nition, withdrew. Two steam-tugs, belonging to Commander Ward's flotilla, went to their assistance, which, after firing a few balls at the battery, steamed away also, leaving the rebels in full possession of their fortification. None were killed on either side, and but two wounded.

May 20. The North Carolina Convention passed an ordinance of secession. Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, issued a proclamation of neutrality, in which he asserts that the arms in the hands of the Home Guard, shall not be used either against the United States, or Confederate States.

The Confederate Congress adjourned to meet at Richmond, Va., July 20th.

Jefferson Davis approved the act repudiating Northern debts, and recommended that the money be appropriated to carry on the war.

The government seized all the accumulated manuscript despatches of twelve months, in every considerable telegraph office in the free States, probably to trace the secret operations of the rebels and their abettors.

May 22. Major-General Butler* arrived at Fortress Monroe, and assumed command.

Major-General Sanford, of New York, was placed in command of the New York troops at Washington. General Patterson assumed command at Fort McHenry.

May 24. The period of preparation has closed, and the era of action has begun. Orders had been given for the advance of troops into Virginia, with strict injunctions to occupy Alexandria, Arlington Heights, and the intervening range of hills along the Potomac. In accordance therewith, five regiments were designated to act in conjunction with Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves in a movement upon Alexandria.

The orders were executed with great promptitude.

Soon after midnight on the 24th, the forces consisting of the New York Fifth and Twenty-fifth Regiments crossed from Georgetown, and took positions on Arlington Heights, and other of the Potomac hills. At half-past one o'clock, six companies of District volunteers, including the National Rifles and Turners, something less than five hundred men, stepped from Long Bridge upon Virginia soil. Nothing hostile was seen until they arrived at Alexandria, except some mounted patrols who put spurs to their horses, and fled. The vanguard was commanded by General Stone, under whom General Smead led the centre, Adjutant Abbott the left, and General Stewart the right wing. They stopped within half a mile of the town, waiting for the main body, having made sure the coast was clear. Immediately afterward, the New York Twelfth Regiment followed by way of the bridge; soon after came two New Jersey regiments, and the New York Seventh. The city was quietly entered; no resistance being offered, the Virginia forces evacuating the town, and falling back to Manassas Junction, where General Bonham (United States senator) of South Carolina, was in command of the Confederate forces; and when the sun rose on the morning of the 24th, it shone upon Alexandria occupied by Federal troops; no secession flag to be seen, and the stars and stripes waving over the city.

The entrance to Alexandria was attended by an event which cast the deepest gloom over the community, and was the only fatality to the Federalists we have to record in capturing the city,—the assassination of Colonel Ellsworth.

At four o'clock in the morning, Ellsworth's Zouaves crossed the river by boats from their encampment, and took position on the dock.

Simultaneously with the landing of the Zouaves, the First Michigan Regiment, Colonel Wilcox, entered Alex-

andria by the road leading from Long Bridge, and proceeded direct to the railroad depot, of which they took possession; capturing a troop of rebel cavalry numbering thirty-five men, who, not being aware of the evacuation of the town by the Virginia forces, so quietly was it performed, came dashing up the street in the face of the Michiganders, and were obliged to surrender, horses, arms, and equipments.

The Zouaves landed in good order, each company forming on the street facing the river. Company E was first to disembark, and was detailed to destroy the railroad track, which they promptly performed. Colonel Ellsworth then directed the adjutant to form the regiment, and, with the aid of Lieutenant Wisner and a file of men, started to cut the telegraph wires, in order that the news of the occupation of Alexandria by Federal troops might not be transmitted to Richmond. They had proceeded about three blocks, when the attention of Colonel Ellsworth was attracted to a large secession flag flying from the Marshall House, a small hotel kept by James W. Jackson. He entered the hotel, and meeting a man in the hall, asked him who put the flag up? The man answered that he did not know; he was a boarder in the house.

Colonel Ellsworth, Lieutenant Wisner, the chaplain of the regiment, Mr. House, a volunteer aid, and four privates, went to the roof, when Colonel Ellsworth cut down the flag. The party were returning down stairs, preceded by private Brownell. As they left the attic, the man who said he was a boarder, but who proved to be the landlord Jackson, was met in the hall, having a double-barrelled gun, which he levelled at Brownell.

The latter struck up the gun with his musket, when Jackson pulled both triggers, the contents lodging in the body of Colonel Ellsworth.

The colonel fell on his face, only exclaiming, "My

God!" and, a few seconds afterwards, uttered a low moan, and ceased to breathe.

Brownell, with the quickness of lightning, levelled his musket at Jackson, and fired. The ball struck him on the bridge of the nose, and crashed through the skull, killing him instantly.

As he fell, Brownell thrust him through with his bayonet. Colonel Ellsworth's companions held guard some ten minutes, until reinforced by company A.

The company made a litter of muskets, and placing the body upon it returned to the boat, leaving a detachment to guard the hotel, and make prisoners of all its occupants, sixteen men.

The body of Ellsworth was conveyed to Washington, where it was laid out in the neat little "Engine" house in the centre of the navy yard, and visited by thousands of tearful spectators until the next day, when it was sent under escort to New York, and from thence to Mechanicsville for interment.

All the regiments in New York were represented in the funeral cortege of Colonel Ellsworth, from the City Hall to the steamboat landing, *en route* for Mechanicsville, President of the Fire Department, Chief Engineer and Commissioner, the parents of the deceased, General John A. Dix, officers of the First Division of volunteers, Zouave committee, Mayor, Common Council, etc., followed. Next to the hearse, marched Francis E. Brownell and two other Zouaves, who were with Colonel Ellsworth at the time he was shot, Brownell, bearing on his bayonet the rebel flag stained with his colonel's blood. The wildest grief seized the Zouaves at the death of their leader, which gave way to the most intense rage, and they swore, with a horrid oath, that his death should be avenged; when the news of Ellsworth's death reached the Zouaves at the hospital, a number of them got out of their sick beds, and though scarcely able to stand, man-

aged to totter to the place where the corpse was laid in the navy yard, and there vowed eternal fidelity to him and the cause in which they were engaged. A new regiment was speedily raised, composed of the "roughs" of New York, and called the "Ellsworth's Avengers;" and in a few days were armed and equipped, and left for the seat of war on their mission of revenge.

The death of Ellsworth not only cast a gloom over the community, but it gave an impetus to military operations in raising new troops, and fired the patriotism of those who had already gone forth.¹

¹ Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth was a young man of great promise, generous impulses, active, energetic, and devoted to his country, had already won a national reputation by his genius as a military disciplinarian. The whole country were struck with admiration at his masterly drill of the Chicago Zouaves. He originated many of the most striking evolutions which gave such a reputation to that corps, and which diffused such a salutary impetus to military enthusiasm throughout the free States.

When, therefore, Colonel Ellsworth closed his connection with the Chicago Zouaves for a desk in Mr. Lincoln's law office, and the signs of war began to loom up, his influential friends besought his active services. Ere the sound of the "riot in Baltimore," had scarce died away, in the ardor of his patriotism, with a true appreciation of his own peculiar genius, he repaired to New York, and announced his purpose to raise a regiment of Zouaves from the hardy and determined, but by no means docile fire companies of that city.

Ellsworth's keen sagacity foresaw that, reckless as they were, if he could gain their confidence, they would prove invaluable in the service of their country. The proposition took; and soon it was a sight to see the slight, delicate-looking youth only twenty-seven years of age, controlling with the eye of command, and compelling into strict subordination those lines of rough, powerful, and reckless men; but they soon learned to know and love their commander, and together they were ready for their country's call. They heard it, and obeyed. Alas for Ellsworth, he was struck down "ere he could see his foe in manly combat." Sad blow,—sad for the country,—terribly sad for the cause which prompted the deed. In the hearts of that "unrestrained" regiment was laid up a fearful store of retribution, to fall

At the Marshall House the scene was one of the utmost confusion. Its proprietor lay weltering in his blood. His wife, upon discovering the fatality, approached his body uttering the most agonizing cries, and although treated with the greatest consideration that could be offered to her in her misery, she remained a long time in the wildest state of frenzy.

It is said that Jackson was a man possessing a most ardent temper, quick to act without reflection, and would do one act as soon as another in a moment of impulse; that only a few weeks previous he protected a Union man against a secession mob, with the same double-barrelled gun with which he shot Colonel Ellsworth; and in this instance, no doubt, acted according to his honest convictions of right, in protecting his house and property. He was laid out in a room in the second story of the hotel, and buried in the secession uniform, the coat-buttons bearing the coat-of-arms of Virginia.

The effect of the death of Jackson upon the hearts of the Southern people, was fully equal to that produced upon the North by the assassination of Ellsworth. They honored him with the sacred name of "martyr," and celebrated his heroic deed in song, which served to beguile their long tedious marches toward the Federal lines.

May 25. General Butler decided that slaves were property, therefore contraband of war. Three fugitive slaves, the property of Colonel Malloy of the rebel army,

like a shower of fire upon the foes of their country, and in their weary march when they began to falter by the way, their watchword was, "Ellsworth is fallen, we follow for revenge!" While, therefore, we mourn the loss of so young and promising an officer, we cannot but deprecate the "rashness" which prompted the deed by which he lost his life.

Light be the turf upon thee, young soldier, and softly rest the hand of affliction upon the head of thy aged and devoted parents!

sought protection within the Federal lines. An officer with a flag of truce demanded their rendition, but was informed by General Butler, that under the circumstances, he considered the fugitives contraband of war; but as soon as Colonel Malloy should visit the fortress, and take a solemn oath to obey the laws of the United States, his property would be promptly restored.

The First Regiment New Hampshire volunteers left Concord for the war. What has been said of the departure of other regiments, is true of this. The city presented a scene of wild enthusiasm, flags and streamers waved from nearly every building, and the air resounded with the cheers and hurrahs of the thousands who had assembled to witness their departure. As they reached the lower part of the city, the last gun boomed from the Merrimac Valley, and New Hampshire's First Regiment was fairly on its way. Arrived at Manchester, the wildest enthusiasm again greeted them. Hundreds of wives, mothers, and sisters, were assembled to bid farewell to the brave soldiers who had left the kind endearments of home, to do battle for their country; showing that the "Old Granite State" in point of patriotism, is not a whit behind her sister States, Maine, Massachusetts, and Vermont.

CHAPTER XIII.

In thought I view the dread array,
Of gartered knights on battle steeds
With clanging armor.

MAY 26. Postmaster-General Blair issued an order to the effect that all postal service in the seceded States, would be discontinued from and after the 31st of May.

May 27. The blockade of the ports of Savannah and Mobile commenced.

Brigadier-General McDowell, United States Army, assumed command of the Federal forces in Virginia, and relieved Major-General Sanford, New York State militia. The department of General McDowell included that portion of Virginia lying east of the Alleghanies, and north of James River, exclusive of Fortress Monroe.

May 28. Brigadier-General E. W. Pierce of the Massachusetts Militia, was appointed to succeed General Butler, promoted.

May 30. Ex-Governor N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts, was appointed a major-general, and Robert C. Schenck of Ohio, a brigadier-general.

General Butler having asked information from headquarters in reference to the matter of fugitive slaves, there being a great number in the fort, was ordered to retain all such as came within his lines, employ them, and keep an account of their services and expenses.

May 31. Colonel John C. Fremont commissioned major-general.

General Lyon superseded General Harney, in command in the West.

United States steamer Freeborn, Captain Ward, bombarded the rebel batteries at Aquia Creek. The engagement lasted two hours, when the Freeborn was beaten off; returned again the next morning in company with the "Pawnee," and renewed the engagement, commencing at half-past eleven, and kept up an incessant firing for five hours, without any serious result on either side; finally, the steamers abandoned the attempt, and hauled off beyond the range of the enemy's guns.

June 1. A number of skirmishes took place between the Federal and rebel pickets in the vicinity of Alexandria and Fairfax Court House.

Cavalry Company B, of the Second United States Cavalry, and forty-seven privates under Lieutenant Tompkins and Second Lieutenant Gordon, accompanied by Quartermaster Fearing, Assistant Quartermaster Carey, and Adjutant Frank of the New York Fifth, were reconnoitering within three hundred yards of Fairfax Court House by the Winchester road, when they were fired on by two pickets. They took one a prisoner, and the other escaped; the cavalry then charged into the village from the north side, and were fired on from the Union Hotel, formerly kept by Jackson who shot Colonel Ellsworth, but the man firing was instantly shot down; they then charged through the principal street, and were fired on from many houses, and from platoons behind fences.

Having thus passed to the end of the village they wheeled instantly, charging back; they were then met by two large detachments with two field-pieces; turning, they cut through a third detachment in the rear and left, bringing five prisoners, and killing Captain John Marr of the Warrenton Rifles, and several others. When

Captain Marr heard the troops coming up, he ordered them to halt; they replied they were Captain Powell's cavalry company. Marr ordered his men to arms, when the dragoons fired a volley which killed Captain Marr instantly. The rebels rushed out in undress, and fired on the cavalry at random. The cavalry then fired three volleys, charged, and retired.

Lieutenant Tompkins lost two men killed, and two taken prisoners; but the next day word came into the camp that the two dragoons missing from Company B, were captured by the rebels, and sentenced to be hung. Company B were immediately summoned, and, mounting, rode up to the Court House, and having by some means ascertained the precise locality of their missing comrades, made a dash through the village, rescued them, and brought them back in triumph to the camp.

June 3. Two columns of troops from General McClellan's command, one under Colonel Kelly, composed of Virginia volunteers, and the other Colonel Crittenden, composed of Indiana volunteers, left Grafton early on the night of the 2d, and, after marching the entire night about twenty miles through a drenching rain, arrived at Philippa, surprised a camp of rebels of two hundred strong, and routed them, killing fifteen, and capturing a large amount of arms, horses, ammunition, provisions, and camp equipage.

The rebels dispersed in great confusion through the woods, the Federal troops in hot pursuit. Colonel Kelly, while charging in advance of his men, was shot with a revolver by a rebel, who had charge of a provision wagon. One of the Federal troops was killed, and several slightly wounded.

The disaster to the rebels was inconsiderable, though it was the cause of some recrimination, and subjected Colonel Porterfield, the Confederate commander, to trial

by court-martial; yet it was regarded as not much more than an unfortunate inauguration of their campaign in Western Virginia.

Colonel Porterfield had been ordered to Grafton, with written instructions from General Lee, to raise and receive into the service from that part of the State five thousand volunteers; but finding that the country was in a state of revolution, and that there was a large and increasing force of Federal troops at Camp Denison in Ohio, opposite Parkersburg, and another in the vicinity of Wheeling, Colonel Porterfield wrote to the commanding general, that unless a strong force was sent very soon, North-western Virginia would be overrun.

Upon directing the captains of organized volunteer companies to proceed with their companies to Grafton, they replied that not more than twenty out of companies numbering sixty, were willing to take up arms on the side of the State. That the others declared, "if they were compelled to fight, it would be in defence of the Union. Colonel Porterfield and his few volunteer troops had been at Grafton but a few days, when he received reliable information of the force of the Federalists, and withdrew his command to Philippi, where he was surprised and routed on the third of June. It was estimated that there were seven thousand United States troops at Grafton and Philippi.

General T. A. Morris in command, issued a proclamation announcing that Western Virginia was then free from secessionists, and calling upon the people to come to the support of the constitutional government, and serve for the defence of their own soil; that arms and munitions would be furnished them.

June 6. The Harriet Lane exchanged about fifty shots with Pig Point Battery, nearly opposite Newport News on the James River. She received two shots, wounding five men, one severely. She was about three-

quarters of a mile from the battery, the seven embrasures of which disclosed heavy pieces.

Thus far the operations of the navy had amounted to nothing, if we except spending a great deal of money for the United States, the occasional capture of a small vessel or two, which they considered as prizes, the gunboats being repulsed in every attempt upon the rebel fortifications.

June 8. General Patterson's advance moved from Chambersburg toward Harper's Ferry.

Governor Hicks, of Maryland, warned the government of the perils menacing the national capital from his State, and requested that a force might be sent to Frederick City, and that the regiments in Baltimore might be reinforced; that there were four thousand secessionists in Baltimore with concealed arms, waiting for a favorable opportunity to rise, and issued a proclamation calling on all having arms belonging to that State, to surrender them.

With Alexandria and Fortress Monroe in their possession, the Federal government held the most important passages into Virginia; General McDowell in command of the forces thrown across the Potomac, General Butler placed in command at Fortress Monroe and Newport News, and the town of Hampton occupied by Federal troops, it would seem that in the event of an engagement with the enemy in that section of country, victory on the part of the Federals would be certain.

Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, the government forces met with a severe repulse, in the first serious contest of the war, the battle of Bethel.

June 10. General Butler, having learned that the rebels were forming an intrenched camp with strong batteries at Great Bethel, nine miles from Hampton, on the Yorktown road, deemed it necessary to dislodge them.

Accordingly, movements were made from Fortress Monroe and Newport News.

About midnight, Colonel Duryea's Zouaves, and Colonel Townsend's Albany regiment, crossed the river at Hampton by means of six large batteaux, manned by the Naval Brigade, and took up the line of march, the former some two miles in advance of the latter.

At the same time, Colonel Bendix's regiment and a detachment of the Vermont and Massachusetts regiments at Newport News, moved forward to form a junction with the regiments from Fortress Monroe, at Little Bethel, about half way between Hampton and Great Bethel.

The Zouaves passed Little Bethel at about four o'clock. Bendix's regiment arrived next, and took position at the intersection of the roads, but not understanding the signal, the German regiment, in the darkness of the morning, fired upon Colonel Townsend's column, then marching in close order, and led by Lieutenant Butler, the aid of General Butler, with two pieces of artillery.

In the hurry and confusion of the moment, the fire was irregularly returned by some of Colonel Townsend's men, who feared that they had fallen into an ambushade.

Colonel Townsend's column immediately retreated to an eminence near by, and were not pursued by Colonel Bendix's men. By this almost criminal blunder two men of Colonel Townsend's regiment were killed, and eight more or less wounded.

Hearing this cannonading and firing in his rear, Lieutenant-Colonel Washburn, not knowing but that his communication might be cut off, immediately reversed his march, as did Colonel Duryea, and marched back to form a junction with his reserves.

General Pierce, who was with Colonel Townsend's regiment, fearing that the enemy had got notice of their approach, and had posted himself in force on the line of march, and not getting any communication from Colonel Duryea, sent back to General Butler for reinforcements,

who immediately ordered Colonel Allen's regiment to be put in motion, and they reached Hampton about seven o'clock.

In the mean time, the true state of facts having been ascertained by General Pierce, the regiments effected a junction, and resumed the line of march. At the moment of the firing of Colonel Bendix, Colonel Duryea had surprised a part of an outlying guard of the enemy, consisting of thirteen persons, who were captured and sent to Fortress Monroe.

Of course by this firing all hopes of a surprise above the camp at Little Bethel was lost, and, upon marching upon it, it was found to have been vacated, and the cavalry had pressed on toward Big Bethel. Colonel Duryea, however, destroyed the camp at Little Bethel, and advanced.

General Pierce then, with the advice of his colonels, thought best to attempt to carry the works of the enemy at Great Bethel, where the Confederates, to the number of about eighteen hundred, under Colonel J. B. Magruder, were intrenched.

The attack commenced about half past nine o'clock, and was received by a battery of the Richmond Howitzers, under command of Major Randolph, who returned the shot, aimed by himself, from a Parrott gun on their main battery.

At about ten o'clock, General Pierce sent a note to General Butler, saying that there was a sharp engagement with the enemy, but he thought he should be able to maintain his position, until reinforcements could come up. Acting upon this information, Colonel Carr's regiment, which had been ordered in the morning to proceed as far as Newmarket Bridge, was allowed to go forward, and General Butler immediately made disposition from Newport News to have Colonel Phelps, from the four regiments there, forward aid if necessary.

The engagement lasted about four hours; the Federal troops behaved with great steadiness and courage, but the enemy were supported by a battery of heavy rifled cannon, and so completely masked, that no man could be seen, and their position could only be defined by the flashes of their guns.

The firing on the part of the Confederates was deliberate, and suspended whenever masses of the Federal troops were not within range, evidently determined to make the most of their ammunition.

The position of the rebels was excellently chosen. After crossing a narrow but deep stream, the road deflects to the left. Along its side was planted the rebel battery, consisting of one twelve pound rifled cannon and two field-pieces. The line of intrenchments then followed the right side of the road, a ditch between them, the stream and morass on the left of the road widening so as to render futile any attempt to outflank the rebels on that side, and the formation of the ground on the right made a flank movement very circuitous. However, it is said that a well-concerted movement at one time might have carried the works; but Brigadier-General Pierce, who commanded the expedition, appears to have lost his presence of mind, to say the least, and the Troy regiment stood an hour exposed to the galling fire. The Zouaves made two charges on the rebel batteries, but could not pass the ditch, and were obliged to fall back. Other regiments came up in good order, but for want of a good commander, fell into confusion.

All attempts to dislodge the enemy seemed now to be futile; all hopes of gaining the day had fled, and the Federal troops were falling back in dismay, when the bullet of a North Carolina rifleman pierced the breast of the brave Federal officer, Major Winthrop, while he was standing on a log, waving his sword, and attempting to rally his men to the charge. He was buried by the Con-

federates, who did honor to his memory, and were loud in their praises of his bravery. The body was afterwards recovered, and sent to New Haven, Ct., where it was buried with military honors.¹

The order to retreat was at last given, but at that moment Lieutenant Grebble of the regulars, in command of the artillery, was struck by a cannon ball and instantly killed.

He had spiked his gun, on account of his surprise at receiving orders to retreat, presuming that General Pierce had discovered attempts to cut him off, and that should his gun be captured in the retreat he would make it harmless. He had just driven in the spike, and was gallantly endeavoring to withdraw his command, when the fatal ball struck him.

Captain George W. Wilson of the Troy regiment, with Quartermaster McArthur, took possession of the gun, and, placing the mangled corpse of the lieutenant upon it, nobly brought it off the field with the retreating army.

Lieutenant Grebble was an efficient officer, and much beloved by his brother officers and the men of his command.

The loss on the side of the Federals was twenty-five killed, and about forty-seven wounded. The rebel loss, fighting as they were under the impenetrable cover of their batteries, was small, probably about thirteen.

June 11. Colonel Louis Wallace, with a portion of the Indiana Zouaves, surprised a camp of five hundred rebel

¹ Major Theodore Winthrop was a member of the New York Seventh Regiment Artillery corps. He left New York for the seat of war with the most eager promptness, as soon as the requisition of the President was announced, and distinguished himself among the most enthusiastic in the dragging of howitzers, and all the heavy work of the Seventh's march. When the regiment returned from Washington, he remained to become General Butler's military secretary, which position he held at the time of his death.

troops at Romney, Va., and, after a sharp conflict, completely routed them. He killed two, wounded one, and captured some prisoners, camp equipage, provisions, medical stores, and arms.

The rebels, after retreating some distance, were reinforced and marched back to Romney, when the small Federal force remaining there retired. Colonel Wallace lost none, and only one wounded.

June 12. Governor Jackson, of Missouri, issued a proclamation calling for fifty thousand State militia for active service in the State, and demanded of General Lyon that no Federal troops be allowed on the soil of Missouri; which request was flatly refused by General Lyon, who asserted the right of the government to march or quarter troops in any part of the Union.

June 14. Governor Jackson having learned that General Lyon was on the way to attack him, evacuated Jefferson City, and fled to Booneville, where, in conjunction with General Price, two thousand troops were concentrated, well armed and equipped. Intrenchments were thrown up, and provision was made for a determined stand. On the following day, General Lyon took possession of the capital of Missouri, with five companies of Colonel Blair's regiment of Missouri volunteers, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, and a company of regular artillery under Captain Totten. As the boats containing the Federal troops approached the city, they were hailed with enthusiastic cheers by an immense concourse of citizens.

In the march of the Federal troops through the different portions of Missouri, the enthusiasm of the thousands of true people in that State showed itself in the most extravagant demonstrations.

They were most kindly welcomed at every village, and indeed at almost every farm-house. Men greeted them with loud shouts for the "Star-Spangled Banner." The

children were lavish in their hurrahs, and the women — God bless them — greeted them all along the route, with clouds of waving white handkerchiefs. In one place in Phelps county three women appeared on a balcony waving a large American flag. The shout of the boys in response was enthusiastic and deafening.

June 14. Harper's Ferry was burnt and evacuated by the rebels; the force stationed there, consisted of nine regiments of infantry and several companies of artillery, making in all about twelve thousand men, under command of General Joseph E. Johnston, who had been a quartermaster-general in the United States service, but resigned, and joined the Confederates of his native State, Virginia.

The rebels had received information that General Patterson was approaching Virginia by the route leading into the valley from Pennsylvania and Maryland through Winchester, and also that General McClellan was making his way into the upper portion of the valley. Consequently, when Colonel Wallace routed the rebels at Romney, and the news reached Harper's Ferry, that Romney was occupied by Federal troops, it was supposed to be the vanguard of McClellan's army. It was with them, therefore, an object of the utmost importance to prevent a junction of the forces of Patterson and McClellan.

Accordingly, on the morning of the fourteenth, the Confederate army left Harper's Ferry and fell back to Winchester, where they were in a position to oppose either McClellan from the west, or Patterson from the north-east, and to form a junction with General Beauregard, who had relinquished his command at Charlestown, and been placed in command at Manassas, whenever it should be necessary.

On the morning of the evacuation of Harper's Ferry

at a very early hour, a scene occurred which goes to make up the desolation of war, and shows the bitter earnestness of the Confederates. The splendid railroad bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio road, across the Potomac — one of the most superb structures of its kind on the continent — was set on fire by the rebels at its northern end, while about four hundred feet at its southern extremity was blown up; most of the government buildings were also destroyed, many of them were not only large, but very high. More than a dozen of these immense edifices were blazing at once, which, together with the burning bridge and the retreating troops, must have presented a scene awfully sublime. All the machinery of the armory had been removed to Richmond several days previous, and now only two of the twenty armory buildings escaped the fire. The loss to government in buildings alone, is estimated at five hundred thousand dollars.

June 15. The First Regiment Massachusetts volunteers, Colonel Cowdin, who were the first for three years' service, left Boston for Washington.

June 17. Western Virginia convention unanimously voted its independence of the rebel section of the State.

A skirmish took place at Vienna (about fifteen miles from Alexandria), in which a detachment of Federal troops under Brigadier-General Schenck were defeated.

In pursuance of General McDowell's orders, a train was sent out from Alexandria to Vienna on a reconnoitering expedition, taking the First Regiment Ohio volunteers, Colonel McCook, and accompanied by General Schenck.

They left camp with 668 rank and file, and twenty-nine field and company officers. They proceeded slowly toward Vienna, leaving companies I and K, with an aggregate of 135 men, at the crossing of the road, and sent

Lieutenant-Colonel Parrott with two companies of 117 men to Falls Church, to patrol the roads in that direction. Stationed Companies D and F, 135 men, to guard the railroad and bridge between the crossing and Vienna, and arrived at Vienna with four companies, namely: Company E, Captain Paddock; Company C, Lieutenant Woodward; Company G, Captain Bailey; Company H, Captain Haslett, all numbering 275 men.

On turning the curve slowly, within one quarter of a mile of Vienna, they were fired upon by raking masked batteries of three guns, with shells, round shot and grape, killing and wounding the men on the platforms, and in the cars before the train could be stopped. When the train stopped, the engine could not, on account of damage to some part of the machinery, draw the train out of the fire, the engine being in the rear. The troops left the cars, and retired to the right and left of the town through the woods.

The engineer, when the cars were vacated, detached his engine with one passenger car from the rest of the disabled train, and run to Alexandria, thus depriving the troops of a rallying point, and of all means of conveying the wounded, who had to be carried on litters and in blankets.

Finding the enemy's batteries were sustained by a large force of infantry and cavalry, they fell back along the railroad, throwing out skirmishers on both flanks. Thus they retired slowly, bearing off their wounded for a distance of five miles, arriving at the telegraphic camp about ten o'clock. Eight Union soldiers were killed, and seven wounded.

The killed were buried near the camp of the First Regiment, with the usual military honors. "Stand up for the Union, boys," and "stand firm for the old flag!" were the expressions uttered in their last moments by several heroic fellows who were mortally wounded.

The rebels lost in killed six.

June 17. Battle of Booneville, Mo. The rebel troops under Governor Jackson and General Price was routed by General Lyon. Missouri having been the scene of so many riots and much bloodshed, and the people becoming so disaffected, the State authorities through General Price and General Harney, at that time in command of the United States forces in Missouri, on the twenty-first of May, agreed upon a plan to maintain the public peace; but in open violation of this agreement, the State authorities had organized upon a large scale the means of warfare, and, having virtually declared war, abandoned the capital, issued orders for the destruction of the railroad and telegraph, and proceeded to put into execution their hostile purpose. Thus devolved on General Lyon, who succeeded General Harney, the necessity of meeting the issue as best he could; accordingly, he proceeded up the river with a portion of his force to Booneville, and discovering a battery on the river bank he turned back, and dropped down the river eight miles below Booneville, and landed a force of 1,700 men and four field pieces, leaving one hundred men to guard the boats.

When within six miles of Booneville, he was attacked by the State troops, 3,000 strong, under Colonel Little, who were concentrated in a thick undergrowth, and in wheat fields. After a short fight, the State troops were driven back, and their camp, with equipage, provisions, horses, etc., taken possession of by the Federal troops. They retreated through Booneville in disorder, with no one to rally them to a second charge. General Price being absent, and Governor Jackson, as soon as the battle commenced, surrounded himself with Captain Kelly's company as a body-guard and retreated, leaving the command to devolve upon Colonel Little; although the troops fled in all directions, yet many were taken prison-

ers, and paroled. The loss of the Federal troops was four killed, and nine wounded. The loss of the State troops was fifteen killed, and twenty wounded.

General Lyon then issued a proclamation to the people of Missouri, defining his position, and declaring that he should scrupulously avoid all interference with the business, rights, and property of every description, recognized by the laws of the State, and belonging to law-abiding citizens, but that he should hold it equally his duty to maintain the paramount authority of the United States with the force at his command, which would be retained only so long as opposition should make it necessary, and invited all persons who had taken up arms, or were preparing to do so, to return to their homes, and relinquish their hostilities toward the Federal government, assuring them they could do so without being molested for past occurrences.

On the day following the battle of Booneville, about sunrise, the Home Guards (Union), eight hundred strong, under Captain Cook, in camp near the town of Cole, Mo., were attacked by a large party of secessionists; fifteen of the Guards were killed, and twenty wounded, many of them severely, and thirty taken prisoners; the rest made their escape; the secessionists then left, and, joining Governor Jackson at Warsaw, proceeded south.

June 20. Major-General McClellan took command of the Department of Ohio, which comprises all of the States of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and that part of Virginia lying north of the Great Kanawha River, and west of Greenbrier River and the Maryland line.

June 26. Colonel Wallace, after the battle of Romney, fell back to Cumberland, where he encamped, and sent out mounted pickets to different posts along the several approaches to Cumberland. Finding it next to impossible to get reliable information of the enemy, on the 26th of June

he united his pickets, thirteen in all, and directed them, if possible, to go to Frankfort, a town midway between Cumberland and Romney, to see if there were rebel troops there.

They went within a quarter of a mile of the place, and found it full of cavalry. Returning, they overtook forty horses, and at once charged on them, routing and driving them back more than a mile, killing eight of them, and securing seventeen horses. Corporal Hays, in command of the Federal pickets, was desperately wounded with sabre cuts and bullets. Taking him back, they halted about an hour, and were then attacked by the enemy, who were reinforced to about seventy-five men.

The attack was so sudden, that they abandoned the horses, and crossed to a small island at the mouth of Patterson Creek. The charge of the rebels was bold and confident, yet twenty-three fell under the fire of the pickets, close about and on the island; they (the pickets) were finally driven off and scattered, each man for himself, but succeeded after a while in reaching the camp at Cumberland. Thirty rebels were killed; and one Union soldier, who was taken prisoner and brutally murdered.

While these scenes were being enacted in northern Virginia, we have to record some minor operations of the navy.

About seventy miles below Washington, the Potomac River makes almost a right angle in its course to the ocean. Here, opposite the deep estuary which makes up into Maryland, is Matthias Point, a high shore covered with a thick growth of pines. At this place, the Confederates have often received aid and comfort from their Maryland friends, who have crossed the Potomac at night, conveying munitions of war and various articles contraband. Toward the latter end of June, Captain James H. Ward, of the steamer Freeborn, and com-

mander of the Potomac flotilla, in plying up and down the river, saw indications of a rebel force in the woods not far from the Point; thinking it would do no harm to ascertain if any persons were there, he dropped a few shells among the trees, which was followed by a tremendous scampering over the hills toward Fredericksburg, a sleepy, quiet old town on the Rappahannock a few miles distant, formerly the home of the mother of Washington.

On Thursday, the 26th of June, Captain Ward, in his trip along the river, observed that the rebels were still in the vicinity, and sent word to Captain Rowan of the Pawnee, who was lying off Aquia Creek a few miles above, that he wanted some men to aid in a reconnoissance. Accordingly, Lieutenant Chaplin, of the Pawnee, was despatched to his assistance, with two cutters and fifteen men. Captain Ward before landing the men, felt the premises over by tossing a few shells in different directions into the woods; but no response was given. Accordingly, Lieutenant Chaplin with his men and some from the Freeborn, making in all thirty-five men, landed on the Point and sent out pickets, who penetrated the woods several hundred yards, but discovered no enemy. Captain Ward decided to erect a battery on the point covering the approaches inland, and to put his howitzers into it, by which, covered by the thirty-two pounders of the Freeborn, he hoped to be able to hold the Point. The men were set to work filling bags with sand which were piled up for defence. They worked unmolested for some time, when suddenly there was an alarm from the steamer. A large body of men having been discovered approaching through the trees, Lieutenant Chaplin retreated to the shore, and the rebels, about six hundred in number, concealed in the thick growth of underbrush, opened a murderous fire from Minie muskets. The party took to their boats.

The Freeborn opened its fire, which was hotly returned by the protected enemy at a distance of about two hundred and fifty yards. In the hurry and excitement of the moment, the boats pushed off for the ship, leaving several of the party on shore, including Lieutenant Chaplin, who, with his comrades, plunged into the stream amid a tremendous shower of balls. John Williams, coxswain of one of the cutters, stood in the stern holding the flag. A ball struck the staff about three feet from the tip, and splintered it in pieces. He seized the flag as it fell, grasped the broken stump, waved it over his head, called upon the rowers to back water, and went back and picked up the four men, including Lieutenant Chaplin. During this time, the balls fell like hail around them, *nineteen* piercing the flag. However, the boats reached the steamer without any serious casualty. Meanwhile the Freeborn had not been idle. Ten shells had been thrown among the rebels, and the gunner, while preparing the eleventh, received a shot in one of his wrists. Captain Ward promptly stepped forward and took his place, and while in the act of stooping to sight the gun, received a Minie ball in his breast. He fell on the deck, and in a few moments expired. In consequence of this casualty, the Freeborn steamed away, having one killed, one mortally, and three slightly wounded. The body and the wounded were transferred to the Pawnee, and conveyed to Washington.

Coxswain John Williams was subsequently promoted to master's mate for his noble conduct.

The little brick engine-house in the centre of the navy yard at Washington, which had so recently been the temporary resting-place of the mortal remains of the gallant Ellsworth, was again draped in mourning; again, for a brief period, it was a receptacle for the noble dead; again, marines with shouldered muskets were keeping guard in sorrowful silence, while within some

half-dozen sailors were sitting with heavy hearts and tearful eyes. There lay the body of their brave commander covered with a starry pall. That once strong heart, energetic will, and hard-working brain, were motionless evermore.

Captain Ward was fifty-six years of age, a native of Connecticut, an energetic man and admirable artilleryman, as also very brave, and had won honorable distinction.

The untimely death of Captain Ward, deranged a plan which he had nearly perfected for the safety of Potomac steamers, and the rebels took advantage of the calamity to practise their accustomed piracy. Accordingly, they fixed upon a plan to seize the steamer "St. Nicholas" of and from Baltimore, which proved to be a bold, piratical operation.

The St. Nicholas left Baltimore on the 29th of June, laden with freight for consumption by the citizens of St. Mary's and Charles counties, Md., and with other cargo for Washington, Alexandria, and Georgetown. She also had on board about fifty secession passengers, most of whom were disguised as mechanics going to points on the Maryland shore of the Potomac.

Among the number was one disguised as a female, "the French lady," heavily veiled, and complaining of indisposition, retired immediately to a state-room, after going on board. After the steamer left Point Lookout, the sick lady, which proved to be a man by the name of Thomas, threw off his disguise, and with the aid of the passengers, seized the boat, which was immediately put across to Coney River, on the Virginia shore. There the rest of the passengers, not parties to the plot, were landed, including the captain of the boat, who was placed under guard. The steamer then went on a piratical cruise toward the Rappahannock River, capturing three vessels laden with ice, coal, and coffee, with all of which he made his way to Fredericksburg.

But on the 8th of July Lieutenant Carmichael, of Provost Marshal Kenley's police, went down the river in a tug, and boarded steamer Mary Washington, to arrest a man named Neill Gran, who was charged with being engaged in the riot on the 19th of April, and who it was thought would come on board at Patuxent. On coming up the river, he learned that Captain Thomas, of St. Mary's county, who took command of the St. Nicholas, and headed the pirates, was also on board, with seven of his confederates, their object being, it is supposed, to seize another steamer in a similar manner.

Carmichael, on getting abreast of Fort McHenry, ordered the captain to stop at the wharf, where he made known the facts to General Banks, who ordered a company of Massachusetts troops to arrest all on board. Seven of the pirates were found, but Captain Thomas had himself fled. After an hour's search, he was found in a large bureau drawer in the ladies' cabin. They were all detained at the fort, with several witnesses, who were on board the St. Nicholas at the time of the seizure, including the captain and engineers.

CHAPTER XIV.

Oh, bid the listening nations kneel in prayer,
And veil their brows in anguish to the ground.

JULY 1. Privateer Sumter escaped from the Mississippi and put to sea.

July 2. General Patterson's advance into Virginia.

Battle near Martinsburg. The morning was bright and beautiful ; the sun shone warmly on glittering bayonets, as that portion of the army, under Major-General Patterson, crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, and took up their line of march toward Martinsburg.

Within a radius of five miles from the ford, lay encamped the Second and Third Pennsylvania regiments, under General Wynkoop, four companies of the Second regular cavalry, Parker's battery of artillery, the Sixth, Twenty-first, and Twenty-third Pennsylvania regiments under Colonel Thomas, the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania regiments under General Negley, the Eleventh Pennsylvania regiment and Wisconsin regiments, and McMullen's Independent Rangers, under Colonel Abercrombie ; the post of honor was assigned to McMullen's Rangers, and the First Wisconsin and the Eleventh Pennsylvania Regiments. The advancing column consisted of the brigades of Generals Abercrombie, Thomas, and Negley.

They crossed the river at a very early hour in the morning. McMullen's Rangers dashed in first ; the City troop (of Philadelphia), and General Patterson and staff followed, and then came the two regiments of Wisconsin and Pennsylvania. The remaining regiments took the mat-

ter less impetuously, and so lost their share in the honors of the battle.

General Patterson and staff, with the First Wisconsin and the Eleventh Pennsylvania regiments, preceded by the city troop and Doubleday's battery, the whole led by McMullen's Independent Rangers, reached Porterfield's farm (a distance of five miles from the Potomac), at seven o'clock in the morning.

The Confederates were drawn up behind the house in line of battle, with their park of four guns directly upon the turnpike, bearing upon the Federal ranks. McMullen's men were some rods in advance, and were the first to open fire. The first cannon-shot of the enemy passed over the heads of the Federal troops, a single ball striking the gable of Porterfield's dwelling, and passing out at the peak of the roof. The Federal troops advanced, continually loading and firing, until within one hundred yards of the rebel's advance lines. The action lasted for half an hour, when the Confederates retired at a rapid pace. The Federals pursued them to Hainesville, three miles beyond, where they again made a stand, but were driven back with renewed loss.

The Federal loss was trifling, only three killed and ten wounded.

Most of the people along the route professed to be Unionists, and were, in semblance at least, glad to see their deliverers, and in Martinsburg greeted them with cheers, and the waving of handkerchiefs and Union flags. Men, women, and children were at every gateway with smiles and refreshments, and to the inquiry as to where the Confederates were, the reply was given, that they had passed through toward Winchester an hour before.

The day after the battle, parties were sent out from the Federal camp to find the dead and bury them. The first day they found fourteen, the second day seventeen

bodies of soldiers; also a mound which they opened, when a most sickening spectacle presented itself; there lay the dead in heaps, which the rebels in their hasty retreat had left but half buried; and it is said that the rebels had two wagons filled with bodies, and the blood was dripping through the bottom of the vehicles.

When General Joseph E. Johnston with that portion of the Confederate army under his command left Harper's Ferry, on the 15th of June, having received intimation that General Patterson was about to cross over into Virginia, he proceeded to Winchester, placing Colonel Stuart with his cavalry in observation on the line of the Potomac, who reported the advance of General Patterson upon Martinsburg on the 2d of July. Colonel Jackson had been sent with his brigade to the neighborhood of Martinsburg, to support Colonel Stuart, and had received instructions when Patterson advanced, to fall back, in order to draw them further into the Confederate country. Pursuant to these orders, Jackson retired before Patterson's advance, not however without severe skirmishing and heavy loss, about sixty killed, and many wounded, leaving Patterson in possession of Martinsburg and the Confederate camp. General Johnston, believing it to be the design of Patterson to get in his rear and hold him in check, while the grand army under McDowell was to bear down upon General Beauregard at Manassas, he made his head-quarters near Winchester, where he was in position to meet either McClellan from the west, or Patterson from the northeast, or to prevent a conjunction of the two forces, and where, in case of emergency, he could receive aid from Beauregard, or go to his assistance if necessary.

July 4. In pursuance of the President's order, made on the 15th of April, for an extra session of Congress, to consider and determine means for the interest and safety of the country; the Thirty-Seventh Congress met

at noon, and the House organized, by the choice of Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, as speaker.

The President in his message to Congress, after narrating the progress of the rebellion and its many acts of aggression, says, "No compromise in this case could be a cure;" and calls for four hundred thousand men, and four hundred millions of dollars, to aid in carrying on the war.

Meanwhile the army of the west, under General McClellan, was gradually working its way into Virginia from the north-west. At Buckhannon, on the first of July, General Morris attacked and routed a division of General Wise's army, killing twenty-three, and taking two hundred prisoners, and seventy-three horses, and then proceeded eastward about twelve miles to Middle Fork Bridge, where a detachment of forty-five men belonging to the Third Ohio regiment, under Captain Lawson, fell in with an ambuscade of seven hundred rebels, and were surrounded.

After a desperate fight they cut their way through, and made good their escape, with the loss of one killed, and several wounded; but on the following morning, Colonel McCook with the Fourth and Seventh Ohio regiments, and the Tenth Indiana under General Morris, with Loomis' battery, drove the Confederates from their position, and took possession of the bridge.

At this early stage of the rebellion, these successes argued well for the Union forces, but their joy was of short duration; for soon comes the intelligence from far western Missouri, of the defeat of Sigel in the battle of Carthage.

July 5. Colonel Sigel, with a portion of his regiment and a part of Colonel Solomon's, and ten pieces of artillery, in all 1,100 to 1,200 men, attacked a body of 6,000 rebels, under General Raines and Governor Jackson, at Brier Fork, about seven miles east of Carthage, on the prairie.

The State troops were posted on a ridge in the prairie, with five pieces of artillery, one twelve pounder in the centre, two six pounders on the right and left, cavalry on each flank, and infantry in the rear of the artillery.

Colonel Sigel approached within eight hundred yards, with four cannon in the centre body, infantry and one six-pounder under Lieutenant-Colonel Hassender on the left, Colonel Solomon's command with a six-pounder on the right, and a body of infantry behind. The centre infantry and Colonel Sigel's left, opened fire with shrapnels, and soon the engagement became general. The rebels had no grape, and their artillerists being poor, their balls flew over the Federalist's heads. After two hours' firing, the enemy's artillery were entirely silenced, and their ranks broken. About 1,500 rebel cavalry then attempted to outflank Sigel, and cut off his baggage train, which was three miles back, when a retrograde movement was ordered.

The train was reached in good order, surrounded by infantry and artillery, and the retreat was continued, till a point was reached where the road passed through a high bluff on each side, with the enemy's cavalry posted in large numbers. By feint, as if intending to pass around the bluff, Sigel drew the cavalry in a solid body into the road, at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards from his position, when, by a rapid movement of his artillery, he poured a heavy cross fire of canister into their ranks; at the same time, the infantry charged at double quick, and in ten minutes, the State forces were scattered in every direction.

This opened the road, and Colonel Sigel fell back on Carthage. The enemy harassed his flanks up to the town, where another stand was made. The rebels being in possession of the place, Colonel Sigel attempted to reach a piece of woods north of the town, and after two hours of desperate fighting, in which all the forces on

both sides were engaged, he succeeded in doing so, and the rebels retired to Carthage, and Colonel Sigel fell back on Sarcoxie, whence he proceeded next day to Mount Vernon.

The engagement commenced at half past nine at night, and continued, by the Federal troops alternately fighting and retreating, until day. Sigel's retreat was conducted with much coolness, and in a style worthy of veterans; and only that the overwhelming odds enabled the rebels to carry the day, the victory would undoubtedly have been with Sigel. Union loss, fifty-five; the loss of the State troops, two hundred and twenty.

Almost simultaneously with this movement, a camp of Federal troops and Home Guards, numbering about six hundred, under Colonel Smith, of the Sixteenth Illinois regiment, near Monroe station, thirty miles west of Hannibal, Mo., were attacked by 1,600 rebels under Brigadier-General Harris. Although the Federals were surprised, they repelled the attack, and drove the rebels back, killing four, wounding several, and capturing five prisoners, and seven horses.

Harris retreated to Monroe, where another skirmish occurred, and the rebels were again defeated; but succeeded in burning the railroad station-house, six coaches, eighteen freight cars, cutting the telegraph wires, and tearing up the track each side of the town.

July 10. Battle of Rich Mountain.

About twenty-five miles from Buckhannon, near the head waters of the Kanawha River, on the western slope of the Alleghanies, is a gap in the Laurel Hill range, where the Staunton and Weston turnpike cross it, called Rich Mountain, which is about as far from Laurel Hill proper (that is, where the Beverly and Fairmount pike crosses it, and where the rebels were intrenched), as Beverly is, about sixteen miles.

Laurel Hill is not a mere knob, but a long ridge or

rib of the Alleghanies, extending for at least a hundred miles in length. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad pierces it by means of the celebrated Kingwood tunnel, the longest in the world. It stretches down in a direction a little west of south, to the head waters of the Kanawha, there called Greenbrier River. The main turnpike leading to Staunton (over which Wise's army passed from Eastern Virginia), runs along Laurel Hill's base.

On the slopes of Laurel Hill, General Robert S. Garnett, who had been appointed to the command of the Confederate forces in northwestern Virginia, was intrenched with a force of three thousand infantry, six pieces of artillery, and three companies of cavalry, and was also occupying a strong position at Rich Mountain, under Colonel Pegram.

On the morning of the 10th, General Garnett received a note from Colonel Pegram at Rich Mountain, stating that his pickets had that morning taken a prisoner, who stated that there were in front of Rich Mountain, nine regiments of seven thousand men, and a number of pieces of artillery; that General McClellan had arrived in camp the evening before, and had given orders for an attack the next day; that General Rosecrans had started a night before with a division of the army, three thousand strong, by a convenient route, to take him in the rear, while McClellan was to attack in front; and Colonel Pegram went on to say, that he had moved a piece of artillery and three hundred men, to the point by which General Rosecrans was expected, and that he had requested Colonel Scott, with his regiment, to occupy a position on the path by which the Federals must come. As soon as General Garnett received this note, he sent a written order to Colonel Scott, to move to the point indicated by Colonel Pegram, and to defend it at all hazards.

At Bealington, in front of Laurel Hill, General Morris

was encamped with his command. About two o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th, the attack commenced.

By four o'clock, the skirmishing in front by the Fourteenth Ohio and Ninth Indiana regiments became very warm. The enemy advanced under cover of the woods. The Federal skirmishers rushed forward, pouring in a sharp volley, killing several. The rebel cavalry then advanced to take our skirmishers by flank, but they rapidly retreated; and the artillery dropped a couple of shells, one exploding among their cavalry, causing them to instantly fall back, when the boys again rushed forward, pouring in another volley. The rebels now scattered in the woods, their officers attempting to rally them, but they could not be brought up in a body again. In the mean time, the boys picked off their officers. Several more shells were thrown in, and our men made a final rush, driving them clear through their own rifle-pits, bringing back several of their blankets, canteens, and guns.

At dusk, the skirmishers retired from the woods in capital order.

July 11. About three o'clock in the morning, General Rosecrans with portions of the Eighth, Tenth, and Thirteenth Indiana, and Nineteenth Ohio regiments, left camp at Roaring River, and after a very difficult march by a circuitous route of six or seven miles, arrived at Rich Mountain, where the Confederates, numbering about two thousand men under Colonel Pegram, were strongly intrenched.

The advance on Rich Mountain by Rosecrans, and the brave men of his command, was attended with the utmost difficulty.

Over the mountain, by a pathless route through the woods, the whole division moving in perfect silence through the brush and laurel, over rocks and through ditches, while the rain poured down upon them in tor-

rents, as if the windows of heaven were opened. They arrived at Rich Mountain about two o'clock in the afternoon, and succeeded in reaching the turnpike some two miles in the rear of the enemy, when a desperate fight immediately ensued. The attack on Colonel Pegram was met with the most gallant resistance. The earth of the mountain seemed to tremble under the thunders of the cannon. The tops of immense trees were cut off by the fire of the Confederates, which was aimed too high, and the crash of the falling timber, mingled with the roar of the cannon, as the artillery again and again belched forth its missives of destruction, seemed as if the forest was riven by living streams of lightning. While the cannonading progressed, an incessant fire of musketry was kept up in the woods by the rebel sharpshooters, who were vainly trying to keep the advancing lines at bay.

The engagement lasted about two hours, when Colonel Pegram finding he could not maintain his position, endeavored to escape with his command, but did not succeed in doing so, and was captured with a large number of prisoners, Colonel Pegram surrendering his sword to his captors. The mass of the enemy escaped through the woods precipitately in perfect disorder, leaving behind six cannon, a large number of horses, wagons, tents, and camp equipage. When General Garnett heard of the result of the engagement at Rich Mountain, he determined to evacuate Laurel Hill as soon as night set in, and retire to Huttonsville, hoping to pass Beverly before General McClellan * should arrive there, and thus escape

* Major-General George B. McClellan, whose brilliant exploits in Western Virginia sent a thrill through the loyal States, was born in Philadelphia, December 3, 1826. He graduated at West Point in the class of 1846.

Until the Mexican war he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, and then, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles

the trap set for them, by a passage through Cheat Mountain Gap.

The evacuation was discovered on the morning of the 12th, and a pursuit instantly ordered. By ten o'clock, the Ninth Indiana regiment entered the rebel camp on Laurel Hill, and found a large number of tents, a lot of

of Contreras and Cherubusco, he was brevetted First Lieutenant. For his gallant conduct at the battle of Molino del Rey, on September 8, 1847, he was offered a brevet captaincy, which he declined, but subsequently was advanced for like gallantry displayed in the battle of Chapultepec, and received the command of a company of sappers, miners, and pontoniers in May, 1848.

At the close of the Mexican war he returned to West Point, where he remained on duty with the sappers and miners until 1851. During this time he introduced the bayonet exercise into the army, and translated and adapted a manual which has since become a text-book for the service. During the summer and fall of 1851 he superintended the construction of Fort Delaware, and in the succeeding spring was assigned to duty in the expedition for the exploration of the Red River. Thence he was ordered to Texas, as senior engineer on the staff of General Persifer F. Smith, and was engaged for some months in surveying the rivers and harbors of that State. In 1853 he was ordered to the Pacific coast, in command of the western division of the survey of the North Pacific Railroad route.

He returned to the East in 1854, on duty connected with the Pacific survey, and was engaged also in secret service to the West Indies. The next year he received a commission in the First Regiment cavalry, and was appointed a member of the commission which went to the war in the Crimea and in Northern Russia. Major McClellan's report on the "Organization of European Armies and the Operations of the War"—a quarto volume, embodying the result of his observations in the Crimea—greatly enhanced his reputation as a scientific soldier.

In January, 1857, weary of inaction, he resigned his position in the army to become vice-president and engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad, which post he held for three years, when he was offered, and accepted the presidency of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, of which he was also general superintendent. When our domestic troubles assumed formidable dimensions, Major McClellan's services were at once called into requisition. He was offered and accepted the command of the Ohio forces.

flour, camp equipage, and clothing, and several sick and wounded, with a note, asking them to give them proper attention. The whole road for twenty miles was strewn with baggage thrown from wagons, to hasten their retreat. The rebel army went within three miles of Beverly, and there met the rebels flying from Rich Mountain, and finding escape to Huttonsville impossible, they all united and returned toward Laurel Hill, taking the road in the direction of St. George.

General Morris's division pursued them for a mile or two beyond Leedsville that night, and halted from eleven until three o'clock in the morning, when the advance resumed pursuit, and continued it all day, in spite of the incessant rain. The rebel army left the turnpike, struck Cheat River, and pursued the mountain road down the valley. Our advance, composed of the Fourteenth Ohio, and Seventh and Ninth Indiana regiments, pushed on, being guided through the mountain gullies by the tents, camp furniture, provisions, and knapsacks thrown from the rebel wagons.

After a terrible forced march through the rain and mud over Laurel Hill, our advance came upon the enemy at Carrack's Ford, eight miles south of St. George, where they again made a stand, and a sharp conflict ensued. The rebels drew up in line of battle, and with a simultaneous cheer for "Jeff. Davis" by the whole command, opened upon the Federals, pouring a raking volley on the right of their advance column, the Ohio Fourteenth, which returned a hot fire, lasting twenty minutes. Dumont's Indiana Seventh made a charge upon their battery, when they broke and run, crossing the ford toward St. George, leaving many of their wagons which had become stalled in the river, which was naturally deep, and, at this time, rendered deeper than usual by the heavy rains.

At this moment General Garnett, in attempting to

rally his retreating forces, was shot dead, by almost the last fire of the Federals. He fell, and by his side a sleek, smooth-faced young Georgian, in the agonies of death, lay weltering in his blood. The Seventh Indiana pursued the flying Confederates about two miles, when they gave up the chase, and the rebels reached Monterey, and formed a junction with General Jackson.

The Confederate loss in the three battles, Laurel Hill, Rich Mountain, and Carrack's Ford, was about two hundred killed, a large number wounded, and five hundred taken prisoners; beside which, it was a serious disaster to the South, as it involved the surrender of an important portion of Northwestern Virginia.

The Federal loss in killed and wounded was about fifty.

A feeling of deep sympathy was manifested for the unfortunate General Garnett. As he fell, Major Gordon went over to him, and finding that life was extinct closed his eyes, straightened his limbs, and placed a guard over the body, which was subsequently laid out and prepared for burial. Major Love assisted in the sad rites, seeming to forget that they met as foes in mortal combat, and now remembering only the years gone by, when they were room-mates at West Point. Major Love had ever cherished feelings of the warmest friendship for Major Garnett until he left the army of the United States to become general of the Confederate forces.

The body, under escort, together with his watch, sword, hand glass, and other personal property, was sent to his family.

The battle-ground presented a scene which is beyond our powers of description. The terrible realities of war, with all its attendant horrors—mangled limbs and bleeding forms. There lay, side by side, the impulsive, beardless youth, and stern manhood, gasping for a firmer hold on life. Some with torn and shattered limbs, some

shot through the head, and brains protruding from the wound; others with eyes blown out; some with jaws shot away, trying to speak, but without the power to articulate. Every imaginable form of wounds and untold suffering, and many were the kind offices performed by the Union soldiers to mitigate the intensity of their sufferings, and many a poor fellow's thirst was allayed by a sip from the canteen of some noble Federal soldiers, who remembered that they were brothers, of one blood, and citizens of one country.

July 11. At night a detachment of three companies of Colonel Woodruff's Second Kentucky regiment attacked six hundred rebels between Mad River and Barboursville, on the Kanawha River, Western Virginia, completely routing them. Ten or twelve rebels were killed, and a number wounded. The Kentuckians had one killed.

July 16. A train on the North Missouri railroad, conveying a detachment of Colonel Smith's Zouaves, eight hundred in number, passed up the road from St. Louis as far as Millville, thirty miles above St. Charles, where the tracks were torn up, and they could proceed no further, and a sharp skirmish ensued. The troops were fired into from the woods, where the rebels, after tearing up the track, had secreted themselves, laying in wait for the train. The engagement resulted in the death of seven of the rebels, and several taken prisoners. One man, caught with a gun in his hand, was immediately hung, and another, who attempted to escape, was riddled with balls. The Federals lost three killed and seven wounded. Thirty horses were captured.

A messenger from Colonel Boernstein, while on his way from Jefferson City, Missouri, to Fulton, with despatches to Colonel McNeil, was arrested by secessionists, who subjected him to a rigid examination, and threatened his life, but, finding no papers about him, and that

he did not *know any thing*, finally released him. He had swallowed his despatches.

July 17. Occupation of Fairfax Court House. On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 16th of July, the Third Division of the grand corps d'armee, under Colonel Heintzelman, comprising the brigades of Colonels Franklin, Wilcox, and Howard, took up the line of march from Alexandria, with the intention of penetrating the heart of Virginia by way of Fairfax. Fairfax is situated on the Little River turnpike, leading from Alexandria, and is about fourteen miles from that city. It is a seedy old place, of about a thousand inhabitants, who lived in the glorious past of Virginia, with a court house, two or three churches, and some half dozen stores.

The troops proceeded without any difficulty whatever, up the old Fairfax and Polrick roads, ten miles from Alexandria, when they bivouacked at Polrick Creek over night. The next morning the troops were stirring at dawn, the line re-formed, and the troops proceeded on the old Fairfax road in the following order: the First Brigade, under Colonel Franklin, in advance; Second Brigade, under Colonel Wilcox, as the centre; and the Third Brigade, under Colonel Howard, of Maine, commanding.

The march of the troops was broken, at intervals, by a succession of barricades, consisting of large trees, felled and thrown across the road, the first of which was encountered about three miles from Fairfax Court House, but delayed the head of the division only a few minutes. The pioneers set to work and soon cleared the road with their axes. This barricade was erected at the foot of Long Hill, the top of which afforded an excellent covert for sharpshooters.

The second barricade was of a similar character, and was cleared in a similar manner, and occasioned only a few minutes' delay. The third barricade was more for-

midable. It was at the entrance of a deep cut in the road, commencing about half way up a steep hill, crowned on one side with a thick wood, and the other by an open field. To pass this, a road was made through the field, enabling the army to march around it. At this point were stationed two hundred rebel cavalry, who fled upon the first appearance of our skirmishers, firing at them one rifle shot, which did no harm. Here it was ascertained that half a mile ahead the rebels had a fortification erected, and a battery planted, which was defended by a force of two thousand men, and that the rebel force in and around Fairfax Court House, guarding the different approaches, amounted to 10,000 or 15,000 men.

The fortification was encountered about half a mile from the court house. It consisted of a simple intrenchment, extending four hundred yards each side of the road, pierced for eight guns, but no guns mounted. The embrasures were formed of sand bags, and so placed as to command the road. The fortification was at the top of a steep hill, at the foot of which was a small, muddy creek. The trees upon the hill-side, for an eighth of a mile, were cut down. This fortification had been occupied for about three weeks by the Second and Third South Carolina regiments, under General Bonham.

In approaching this point our skirmishers had a brush with those of the rebels, in which a corporal of the Rhode Island regiment received a flesh wound in the thigh, and a rebel officer was captured by Captain Dyer. The advance of Burnside's brigade reached the fortification in time to make one prisoner, a South Carolina officer, who surrendered to Major Mission, paymaster of the Second Rhode Island regiment. The inside of the fortification presented abundant evidences of the haste with which it had been abandoned. Sacks of flour, meat, clothing, arms, equipments, and camp utensils

were everywhere scattered over the ground, and the camp fires, probably prepared for the noon meal, were still brightly burning.

The main body had left with haste only about two hours before the arrival of the head of our column, leaving the grain bags from which the rebels' horses were fed, and the Federal horses ate their oats from the same for their morning's breakfast.

As the head of the division was approaching the intrenchment, a sharp firing was heard on the left, which afterwards proved to be a skirmish between the advance of Colonel Niles's division and some Alabamians who were in position there, about two miles from the court house. From the inside of this fortification the village of Fairfax Court House was plainly seen, whither the command proceeded.

At the outskirts of the village a small American flag, used as a guide-mark by the Fourteenth New York regiment, had been planted. It was saluted with cheers by the passing regiments. The rebel flag was still flying at the court house when the advance of the division, with a band of the First Rhode Island regiment, playing the national airs, entered the village. It was taken down by some men of the Second Rhode Island, and handed to Governor Sprague. It was transmitted by him to General McDowell. Soon afterward the regimental flag of the Second New Hampshire regiment was placed over the court house.

The advance column entered the village exactly at noon. At an early hour in the morning the rebel troops were drawn up on the west side of Fairfax, and the people there expected that a battle was certain, but about nine o'clock they made a precipitate retreat, leaving five quarters of fresh beef, shovels, spades, tools, and camp furniture behind them.

The column which occupied Fairfax was composed of

two brigades, under Colonels Porter and Burnside, and contained two batteries of flying artillery, two Rhode Island regiments, the New Hampshire Second, and the New York Eighth and Seventy-first, eight companies of regulars, five companies of cavalry, and perhaps one or two other regiments.

In the mean time, the First Division, under General Tyler, in camp at Falls Church, situated on the Leesburg turnpike, about seven miles from Fairfax Court House, had received orders to march, by the road from Falls Church and Vienna, with three days' rations and no baggage. Two hundred men were detailed as sappers and miners to open the way through the felled trees which the rebels had placed on all the approaches to Fairfax.

The Second Division, under Colonel Hunter, and the Fifth Division, under Colonel Miles, also took up the line of march, by two other routes, Little River turnpike and old Braddock road, it being so arranged that all four divisions should move at the same hour, and on as many different roads, while General Patterson had been ordered to move steadily forward, to be in a position to reinforce them in case of emergency.

The division under General Tyler commenced moving at three o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th, the Connecticut boys taking the lead, their bands playing Hail Columbia.

The route was directly up the turnpike, toward Leesburg, about five miles; then leaving the turnpike and diverging toward Vienna. The right wing was commanded by Colonel Keyes, the left by Colonel Richardson of Michigan, the whole under the command of General Tyler.

The Second Maine regiment was drawn up in front of its encampment, and the "God of battles" invoked in a fervent prayer by the chaplain. Colonel Jameson then made a brief address, in which he told them he had

confidence in them that they would maintain the honor of the State that had sent them forth. They responded by three cheers, and fell into the column.

The head of the column reached Vienna at sunset, a straggling place of a dozen houses, a railroad station, and one store, and bivouacked for the night, the infantry turning into fields and meadows, the cannon taking positions on the hills. There were large piles of wood at hand, and the men helped themselves with a will, and soon had large fires burning in every direction. The men ate their suppers, rolled themselves in their blankets, and went to sleep. At eleven o'clock there was scarcely a sound to be heard, except from the horses at their tethers. The prostrate host lay motionless and silent, as if the destroying angel had passed over the place and set the seal of death on all.

With the first gray of the morning there was a bugle blast and a general roll of drums, followed by a sudden uprising of the multitude, reminding one of the resurrection morning, when, at a blast from the archangel's trumpet, the dead of earth shall rise to meet their Creator.

From Vienna to Fairfax is four miles. The road, immediately after emerging from Vienna, enters a heavy timber, about a mile from the village. About fifty large trees were discovered in the road. Captain Alexander, of the engineer corps, immediately put the pioneers to work with their axes. The down-east boys, who served their apprenticeship in the forests of Aroostook and Moosehead, showed themselves masters of their profession, and in less than twenty minutes the whole barricade was cleared away. Having reached the edge of the timber, two companies of each of the Connecticut regiments were deployed as skirmishers, on the right and left, under Colonel Spiedel.

The division marched a short distance further on,

when a reconnoissance by Colonel Keyes, commanding the First Brigade, resulted in discovering two, evidently mounted earthworks, protected by bodies of infantry and cavalry, to the left of the road.

Colonel Keyes immediately pushed the advance brigade along the road, with the view of getting in the rear of the enemy, while General Tyler ordered General Schenck's brigade to form in battle array in the fields to the left of the road. The Third and Fourth Brigades, under Colonel Sherman and Colonel Richardson, formed in the road, but the rebels abandoned their position. With a spy-glass the roads leading to Fairfax Court House could be seen covered with the retreating Confederates. The head of the First Brigade came within a few hundred yards of a body of the rebels. Colonel Keyes ordered a section of Captain Varian's Battery to throw a few shells among them.

"First and second pieces into position," shouted the captain of Varian's Battery. The horses leaped ahead as if inspirited by the command, and in a moment two pieces were in position, by a school-house, on a little knoll overlooking the distance to Fairfax, with a thick wood all along the right. "Load with shell," said the captain, and the cartridges went home in an instant. After a moment's sighting, a shell went whizzing through the air, and burst in a hollow on the left. The enemy ran as soon as the first shot was fired, casting away blankets, haversacks, canteens, and other equipments which impeded their progress.

A short distance further on was a house, the occupants of which had taken refuge in a potato cellar, a little way from the house, and had heard the shells as they whizzed past, one exploding near them. The women, with joyful countenances, brought out bread and pans of milk, which were passed around to the soldiers, "without money and without price," refusing to take

pay. Again the column moved on, and, having reached Hunt's Hill, two and a half miles west of Vienna, and the enemy evidently still retreating, General Schenck's brigade again fell into line, and the column continued to march in the order of the morning.

A short distance from the rebel camp two more abatis were discovered in the road, and removed by the pioneers in a few minutes. The column was about pushing on, when the scouts reported a battery of several pieces less than half a mile ahead. Colonel Keyes immediately ordered up Ayer's rifled cannon, and two pieces of the Parrott gun were put in position, to feel of the work. The shot went screaming through the embrasure. No response. Another. All silent. "Forward," said Colonel Spiedel, in command of the skirmishers; and they went over the open space at double quick; but the rebels had precipitately abandoned the battery, and were retreating in hot haste with their pieces. A large quantity of shovels, picks, bags of oats, baskets, etc., were found in the work, and the camp-fire was still burning.

Half a mile further on was Germantown, a place of six old tumble-down houses, almost deserted. On one a Confederate flag was flying. One of the Connecticut boys mounted the roof, tore it down, planted the stars and stripes in its place, when all hands gave three cheers. In the house were two white men, sick with the measles, attended by a negro, who said that the first shot went right over the house, and the rebels, with four pieces and fifteen hundred men, went "jus as fast as dey could go, right up de road, massa."

Immediately upon the arrival of the central division, General McDowell sent word to the divisions under Colonels Miles and Heintzelman, on the left wing, to halt, and himself and staff, escorted by a squadron of United States Dragoons, proceeded to Germantown, where the division under General Tyler halted. They

were eager to go on, but were really exhausted by a long, hot march, over a dusty road, under a broiling sun, and prudence dictated they should be allowed to rest.

The following despatch was received at the headquarters of the army, dated Fairfax Court House, July 17, 1861:

To Colonel E. D. TOWNSEND, Head-quarters of the Army.

We have occupied Fairfax Court House, and driven the enemy toward Centreville and Manassas. We have an officer and three men slightly wounded.

The enemy's flight was so precipitate that he left in our hands a quantity of flour, fresh beef, intrenching tools, hospital furniture, and baggage. I endeavored to pursue beyond Centreville, but the men were too much exhausted.

Most respectfully yours,

IRVIN McDOWELL, *Brigadier-General.*

On the morning of the eighteenth, General Tyler's division again took up the line of march, and, after proceeding half a mile, came to the Centreville road, where they were joined by Hunter, and the two columns, numbering 40,000 men, moved on toward Centreville. To stand on an eminence, looking right and left over the straight, undulating road, viewing the advancing lines, was a sight beautiful and sad,—the compact column, the forest of bayonets glittering in the sun, the long lines of ponderous cannon, now down in the valley, now up the hill, now partially hid by a clump of trees, and again emerging into the open plain,—the eye rested for miles and miles upon a swaying, surging mass of human beings, beautiful because of their loyalty, precision, and regularity, sad because of the mission on which they went, to meet in deadly combat persons of one blood and one kindred, the fratricidal foe.

The entry of the Federal troops into Fairfax is said

to have been inspiring beyond description. The main street was filled with soldiery, marching with fixed bayonets and loaded guns, cheering for the Union, and bands playing the "Star-Spangled Banner." As soon as the six thousand infantry had passed, the cavalry, which were in the rear, the artillery being in front, dashed through the town on a gallop, in chase of the retreating traitors, but after pursuing them a couple of miles, returned.

It was a bloodless victory, and would have been sufficient cause for great rejoicing, had it not been like the rumbling of the earthquake, or the deep mutterings of the volcano, a precursor of something more terrible to come. It was only a ray of sunlight from that orb which was so soon to set in blood at Bull Run. A lurid flash from that dark cloud that overshadowed them at Manassas.

Simultaneous with the movement of the grand army under McDowell, General Patterson's division left Bunker Hill and moved forward to Charlestown, where he received information that General Johnston's forces had retreated beyond Winchester. Patterson, with his entire force, 25,000 men, occupied Charlestown, with the exception of the Fourth Connecticut regiment.

The First Pennsylvania also arrived on the same day from Martinsburg, guarding a provision train of two hundred wagons, accompanied by Captain Girard's company of the Seventh Pennsylvania, leaving only a small force stationed at Martinsburg.

July 18. Battle of Bull Run.

The first engagement of any moment in Eastern Virginia, took place at Bull Run, about five miles south of Centreville, which involved the first important shock of arms between two peoples who, from long seasons of peace and prosperity, had brought to the struggle more than ordinary resources and splendors of war, and fur-

nishes an intelligent introduction to the bitter earnestness, military skill, and untiring zeal of the Confederates, in the complicated plan of the great battle, that, through the sultry heat of a whole day, wrestled over the plains of Manassas.

Bull Run constitutes the northern boundary of Stafford county, which it divides from Fairfax, and on its banks, about three miles to the northwest of the junction of the Manassas Gap with the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, was fought the ever-to-be-remembered battle of the 18th of July. It is a small stream, running in this locality nearly from west to east to its confluence with the Occoquan River, about twelve miles from the Potomac, and draining a considerable slope of country, from its source in Bull Run Mountain, to within a short distance of the Potomac at Occoquan. Roads traverse and intersect the surrounding country in almost every direction. The banks of the stream are rocky and steep, but abound in long-used fords.

At Mitchell's Ford, the stream is about equidistant from Centreville and Manassas, some five miles apart.

General Beauregard, who was in command of the Confederate forces, being fully informed of the forward movement of the Federal troops toward Manassas, had withdrawn his advanced brigades within the lines of Bull Run, and, on the morning of the seventeenth of July, the Confederate troops rested on Bull Run, from Union Mills Ford to the Stone Bridge, a distance of about eight miles.

When General Bonham's brigade, supported by Kemper's North Carolina battery, retreated before McDowell at Fairfax, he withdrew across Mitchell's Ford to a point previously designated, and which commanded the direct approaches to the ford, while Blackburn's Ford was covered by General Longstreet's division. The entire southern bank of the stream, for the whole front of

Longstreet's division, was covered at the water's edge by an extended line of skirmishers.

The head of General Tyler's column passed through Centreville without firing a gun. Instead of the smoke of battle for which they were earnestly looking, they suddenly saw the national flag hoisted over the town, and a solitary man came running down the line, announcing that the enemy had fled; whereupon the bands struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner," amid the cheering of the Federal troops.

About two miles beyond Centreville the troops halted, and the division rested on each side of the road in the woods. About eleven o'clock General Tyler and staff, proceeded to make a reconnoissance in force with Colonel Richardson's brigade, consisting of the Massachusetts First, Michigan Second and Third, New York Twelfth, Ayer's Battery (formerly Sherman's), and Benjamin's Battery of two twenty-pound Parrott guns, and Bracket's Cavalry. Advancing up the road toward Bull Run about a mile and a half, the column, after passing through a long stretch of timber, came to an opening upon a ridge of land looking down a gentle slope, all clear to a white house, half a mile distant,—beyond were woods; by this house was a masked battery of four guns, two on each side of the road. General Tyler immediately ordered Captain Ayer to advance and open on them. Accordingly, four guns were wheeled into position on the ridge, and a fire was opened on the battery, which replied vigorously with all four guns, which were well served.

To the south, about two miles distant, a Confederate flag was flying on a barn. It was Beauregard's head-quarters. As soon as the cannonading commenced, could be seen off toward Manassas, clouds of dust, and troops in motion; heavy columns of dust along the roads in the forest, caused by the advance of reinforcements; couriers riding

on fleet horses, and every thing in commotion, preparing for the contest.

The cannonading thus commenced the action at precisely half past twelve, P. M.; and about half past one, the rebels withdrew down the road, falling back silently across the ford, beyond their intrenchments, and took position on a hill in the woods. The Federal batteries stopped firing, but were kept in position; and the column deployed along the undulating ground, sheltered by the slight ridges, to a second position, and took possession of the place where the rebel batteries had stood. Two of Ayer's howitzers were also sent forward, and Bracket's Cavalry.

The Second Michigan regiment was ordered to deploy as skirmishers on the left of the road, and advance into the woods. They gallantly moved on toward Blackburn's Ford, and having entered the timber, encountered a heavy force of Longstreet's brigade.

They had hardly been out of sight five minutes, when a most lively exchange of musket-shots took place. Suddenly came tremendous volleys from the enemy in one continuous roll, mingled with screams, yells, and cheers, their batteries joining in. Then followed volleys by platoons. "They are at it," said General Tyler. "*Indeed they are,*" was the reply; and the reserve was ordered to plunge into the woods to support the advance.

Companies F, G, and H of the Massachusetts First, led by Colonel Cowdin and Lieutenant-Colonel Wells, were the first to follow the skirmishers into the woods.

Our two howitzers in the woods opened, and then the four remaining pieces of Ayer's, and Benjamin's two mortars back on the hill, joined in. At first, the firing was at random, and ceased for a moment, but they soon obtained range of the enemy's position, and from a quarter past two till three o'clock, there was an incessant rain

of shot, shell, minie and musket, grape and canister, in the woods.

Captain Bracket of the cavalry, who was in the Mexican war under the hot fire of Cherubusco, says, that in all his experience he never saw such a tempest of balls. In a few minutes the wounded men began to be brought out to the ambulances in the fields, and the New York Twelfth was ordered in to support those already engaged. Colonel Cowdin's horse was shot in the thigh; the colonel dismounted, pulling off his coat and throwing it down, he waved his sword in the air, and, shouting to his men to follow him, dashed into the thickest of the fight. He was at the head, and Lieutenant Smith was within four feet of him, when the lieutenant received three shots in the head, and dropped dead. Still the colonel marched on, and just as they neared the battery, the bugle sounded the retreat. The command fell back, fighting bravely, and retired behind the batteries under a tremendous fire. Every horse but one of Ayer's Battery was either killed or disabled, and Colonel Wells withdrew his men; the battery hobbling off as best it could with aid from soldiers.

Again they rallied and returned to the contest; but only to meet Longstreet with increased numbers, having been reinforced from Early's brigade, with two regiments of infantry and two pieces of artillery. By General Longstreet's direction his battery was removed, in front and a little out of the range of our guns, so that the shot and shell flew over the heads of his gunners.

From their new position, they renewed and urged the conflict with such vigor and effect, that the Union forces were obliged to give way, and finally fell back to Centreville.

When too late to do any good, three or four regiments were ordered down to their support, and arrived just as our troops had retired behind our batteries. Not more

than a thousand of our men were at any one time engaged. The affair was not intended for an attack, but merely a reconnoissance to discover the position and strength of the enemy, but when fairly into the action, our men fought like tigers; some with pants rolled up to the knees, and sleeves to the shoulders, never flinching or falling back until ordered, and then unwillingly. Twice they were repulsed, and rallied with renewed vigor.

General Tyler commanded in person, and acted gallantly; but finding his force insufficient to storm the battery, or to hold his position under the heavy fire of the Confederates, at half past four ordered the troops to retire, which they did; while the battery on the hill covered their retreat by a tremendous cannonade from all their guns—eight in number. The enemy replied on the battery, and on the retiring column.

The day was frightfully hot; for miles no water had been found along the route, and the troops went into action thirsty, and came out half dead, and now returned to their supperless camp, the provision train not having yet arrived.

The Union loss was nineteen killed, thirty-eight wounded, and twenty-six missing; Massachusetts First and New York Twelfth being the principal sufferers. Lieutenant Saunders, of Company H, Massachusetts First, deserves a great deal of praise for his exertions in bringing his wounded men out of the fight, and carrying them on his back to the rear, where the ambulances were. One of his men died on his back as he was carrying him out. Captain Carruth also signalized himself in that day's fight, as one of the bravest of the brave. The Confederate loss (Beauregard's report), was fifteen killed, and fifty-three wounded.

A disposition to burn and destroy was manifested at Germantown and Centreville, by some of the New York

boys, who set on fire several houses belonging to secessionists, whereupon General McDowell issued a stringent order, which was read to all the troops, prohibiting theft of every description, and enjoining respect for persons and property, and stating that the least penalty for violation would be incarceration in the Alexandria jail, and for crimes of magnitude the severest penalties known to military laws, and stated also that the Union army moved to restore, not to destroy, to which the troops acceded by clapping their hands and huzzaing for their commander.

Many are the interesting incidents of this day's battle, which have come under our notice, but we have not space to enumerate, yet cannot forbear giving one instance which goes to show that a rough exterior often hides a heart of the finest feelings and most generous impulses.

As the Massachusetts First proceeded to enter the woods, to support the skirmishers, they were joined by two Fire Zouaves, who had left their regiment far behind, at Fairfax Court House, and declared they had missed it and were now looking for it with all their might, though in reality it might be they had scented the battle afar off, and could not control the temptation to step on and share the danger. At any rate, they pushed themselves into a fighting position at the first opportunity that offered; for nearly an hour they fought in the woods with daring intrepidity, wholly on their own account, and conscious of no other authority beside their own. Their manner of treating the rebel soldiers was eccentric. They waited until one showed himself tolerably near, and then ran forward, chased him down and killed him, without regard to the numbers with which he was surrounded. One of them actually penetrated a small battery, sheltered by a side ravine, bayoneted one of the gunners, and escaped unharmed. In this way they occupied themselves for nearly an hour, toward the end

of which they got separated, and consequently became uneasy on each other's account. They both came out without a wound. One of them was the last man of our side to leave the ground, and as he withdrew and walked up the hill quite unprotected, he kept pausing at intervals, and turning round would look back for minutes at a time, sheltering his eyes with his hand, anxiously hoping to see his comrade, whom he believed to be still among the enemy. He went along the line, as our column retired toward Centreville, crying bitterly. "I didn't want to have that fellow shot," said he; "that fellow has run in the fire department with me three years." It was truly touching to see the tender grief of this rough and reckless fireman, and it was even more so to witness the wild and overwhelming delight with which he met his companion at Centreville, as uninjured as himself, and filled with an anxiety as great as his own.

One soldier, in the thickest of the fight, on being shot, handed his musket to his comrade, saying, "It is all right, Bill," and immediately expired.

July 21. Battle of Manassas.

In order to obtain some idea of the battle-ground, it is necessary for us to consider the location of the country and the approaches to Manassas, or, in other words, the crossings of Bull Run, for Manassas is a plain or plateau of open land.

Across Bull Run, and near its confluence with the Occoquan, there is a ford, with deep pools of stagnant water, called Union Mills Ford, where Brigadier-General Ewell was posted with his command; a short distance above is McLean's Ford, where was stationed Brigadier-General D. R. Jones; then still above is Blackburn's Ford, occupied by Longstreet's division. Next in order is Mitchell's Ford, which was covered by Bonham's South Carolina brigade, and which is on the most direct

road from Centreville to Manassas. Then comes Ball's Ford, about three miles above, where Colonel Cocke was stationed commanding a brigade, while the brigade under Colonel Evans formed their extreme left at the Stone Bridge. The brigades of Brigadier-General Holmes and Colonel Early were in reserve in rear of their right. These fords were strong by nature, but made still stronger by engineering art, and are crossed by roads leading from Alexandria and Washington, now starting from Centreville, which is rightly named, inasmuch as roads radiate in every direction from the place. At these fords, occupying the defensive line of Bull Run, the Confederate army waited for the Union forces; General Johnston, who was holding General Patterson in check at Charlestown, had been ordered to form a junction of his army corps with that of General Beauregard, should the movement, in his judgment, be advisable. Accordingly, General Johnston reached Manassas about noon on the twentieth, preceded by the Seventh and Eighth Georgia regiments, and by Jackson's brigade, consisting of the Second, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-seventh, and Thirty-third Virginia regiments. He was accompanied by General Bee, with the Fourth Alabama, the Second and two companies of the Eleventh Mississippi. The president of the railroad had assured him that the remaining troops should arrive during the day. General Johnston, being the senior in rank, assumed command of all the forces of the Confederate States then concentrating at Manassas. He, however, approved the plans of General Beauregard, and directed their execution under his command. Thus stood matters with the Confederate army on the evening preceding the battle of the twenty-first.

In the Union camp, the hour of midnight had scarcely passed, when a "long roll" from the drums brought that countless host to their feet, and in a few minutes all

were ready for a march, and the different divisions moved respectively at one, two, and three o'clock, according to the distances to be marched. Colonel Richardson's brigade, with the Eighteenth and Thirty-second New York regiments, and eight guns, took position on the road leading from Centreville direct to Manassas, retracing his steps over the same ground where he had lost so many brave men only three days before. General Tyler, with Schenck's brigade, Sherman's and Carlisle's batteries, also Keyes' brigade and Colonel Sherman's brigade, took the Warrenton turnpike.

The remainder of the force, including Hunter's division, consisting of Porter's, Burnside's, Heintzelman's, Willcox's, and Howard's commands—all commanded by McDowell—took a road which led to the rear of Manassas, to make an attack some distance beyond Tyler's, while Miles's division was held in reserve at Centreville. It was not designed that Richardson should advance, but make a demonstration, and preserve our own flank and communication with our base of operations—Arlington Heights. It was bringing our forces to bear on the enemy in three places, that he might be driven back toward Manassas.

The quiet Sabbath morning opened upon the scene enlivened by moving masses of men; the red light of the morning, however, had scarcely broken upon that scene, with its landscapes, its forests, and its garniture, before it was obscured in the clouds of battle.

To the left of Tyler, on a hill, was Richardson, standing like a rock; against which it was the design of McDowell to drive the rebel forces, or push them directly back upon Manassas. A cannonade was commenced by Richardson at seven o'clock in the morning. Soon after, Hunter commenced on the extreme advance; and not long after, Sherman, at the head of Tyler's force, joined in. From seven to ten it was carried on with increasing

energy, the rebel batteries replying to all except Richardson's. For long intervals, nothing of the conflict was presented, to those viewing it at a distance, but wide and torn curtains of smoke and dust, and the endless beat of the artillery. On a hill in the rear of the army were congregated immense crowds of camp-followers and spectators — politicians, idlers, and sensation-hunters; while along the Warrenton road rolled one continual stream of baggage-wagons, ambulances, private carriages, gigs, and every conceivable style of vehicle, whose occupants, eager to entertain themselves with the novel scenes of a battle, were flying along the road in the rear of the army, like a holiday exhibition on a race-course.

Richardson's column was drawn up just as it had stood before the attack of the eighteenth. The batteries were firing at intervals. Breastworks were being thrown up and trees felled. With a glass, looking down the slope into the woods where the Massachusetts First fought so bravely, could be seen rebel soldiers moving to and fro. Far to their right, four or five miles, was a rising cloud of smoke from Hunter's Batteries. Nearer was Tyler's. Standing by Richardson's Batteries, and looking far beyond the white, sulphurous war-cloud rising from McDowell's attack, in the direction of Manassas Gap could be seen another column of dust, indicating an advance from that direction.

The cannonading, which had commenced on the left, gradually extended along the whole-line. The New York Sixty-ninth Regiment stripped to the skin except pants, and pitched into the fight regardless of fatigue or personal safety, and at noon the battle was raging fiercely. There was a constant cannonade, with rolls of musketry, which came in at intervals as huge breakers dash upon a rocky coast, and by one o'clock the whole six fords had been engaged, and heavy cannonading going on at all of them. Volleys of musketry could be heard, lasting an hour and

ten minutes. The artillery, however, bore the brunt of the battle, doing terrible execution. Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves were drawn up in line to make an attack, when they were assailed by a masked battery, with a strong support on their flank, and forced to break, but soon rallied and made a desperate charge upon the "Black Horse Cavalry," and repulsed them with great loss. The Zouaves fought like tigers, but were terribly cut to pieces. The battle was one of the severest ever fought on this continent.

Not until then could one of the present generation, who had never witnessed a grand battle, have imagined such a spectacle. For miles the whole valley was a boiling crater of dust and smoke.

Inch by inch we had driven the enemy and occupied their ground. McDowell had pressed them from his point of attack, and Tyler from his, — the result being to move the rebel forces back upon Manassas. Immense cheering rolled along the line as a portion of the Federal troops dashed up and took a rebel battery. For a few minutes the firing ceased, but was renewed again with greater vigor than at any time during the day. It was a continuous roar. At two o'clock we held the enemy's ground, and orders were sent to the rear for the pioneers to advance with the bridge which had been prepared.

Soon Captain Alexander, of the Engineers, was on his way to build the bridge. "We have got their ground," said he; "the boys have fought nobly, but the rebels have two to our one."

Carlisle's battery was in front, and Sherman's close at hand on the left, on a little elevation under cover of the woods. On the Warrenton road, to the west, was the right of Tyler's column, driving the rebels in inch by inch. Between Carlisle's position and the Confederate troops the distance was about half a mile, over meadow land. Right behind Carlisle's was Schenck's brigade,

against a hill. Away to the west, toward Warrenton, was the head of Tyler's and the whole of McDowell's commands, with a heavy firing going on. They were gaining upon the enemy and pushing them further and further from the road. The advance, under Colonel Hunter, had crossed Bull Run by a circuitous track, to attack the enemy in the rear; on discovering which, Colonel Evans moved to his left from the Stone Bridge, with a large force and two field-pieces, which he disposed under cover of the wood, to oppose Hunter's advance. About five hundred yards distant was posted Wheat's Louisiana battalion. Hunter at once advanced, and was immediately engaged with Evans's command. First and foremost in the fight was the Louisiana battalion, who fought with determined valor until Wheat, desperately wounded, was carried from the field.

The Confederates, galled and staggered by the fire, were losing ground, when the Fourth South Carolina was brought into action, having been pushed forward through the woods. A fierce and destructive conflict now ensued, which raged in its intensity for more than an hour. The losses were heavy on both sides; the ground was literally covered with the dead and dying. The firing partially ceased, the Confederates were flying, Hunter was victorious! Just at that moment General Bee, with the Seventh and Eighth Georgia regiments under Colonel Bartow, the Fourth Alabama, Second Mississippi, and two companies of the Eleventh Mississippi regiments, with Imboden's Battery, crossed the valley, and formed on the right and somewhat in advance of Evans. Here the joint forces renewed the contest, and a withering fire was kept up on both sides.

About two miles nearer than the spot where the weary and famishing troops of Hunter were contending with fresh reinforcements twice their number, was a hill, and from its height, overlooking the whole plain, a few shells

had in the early part of the day been thrown into the Federal ranks ; and as it was nearer the Manassas road than almost any other portion of the field, the greater part of the enemy's reinforcements gathered about its ridge as a concentrating point. Here was posted an open battery, with long lines of infantry in support, as if to show our wearied fellows the fresh forces they had to conquer. Here a portion of Tyler's left wing were engaged. The New York Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth were hotly contesting the ground ; they had taken and lost a battery eight times in succession, and now, totally exhausted, were falling back.

It was time for more regiments to be sent forward, and Keyes was ordered to advance with the First Tyler Brigade. The three Connecticut regiments and the Second Maine came on with a will. The First Connecticut was posted in reserve, and the other three corps swept up the field, by the ford on the right, to aid the struggling advance. The distant hill-top now became the centre of the fight. The enemy's infantry could be seen ranging darkly against the sky beyond, and the first lines of our men moving with fine determination up the steep slope. The cannonading upon our advance, the struggle upon the hill-top, the interchange of position between the contestants, as new forces rushed in upon the enemy's side, and the scene enacted over and over again, — altogether it was a moment of awful suspense, of suspended respiration.

Away to the right, as far as the eye could reach, was seen a column coming down, and for a moment it was believed to be a portion of Hunter's division, and that it had succeeded in completely turning the enemy's rear. A wild shout rose from the Union troops. But it was soon discovered that its ensigns bore secession banners, which was sufficient proof that some rebel general was leading a horde of fresh troops against our united right

and centre. A courier had galloped from Manassas, and reported to Beauregard that a Federal army had reached the line of the Manassas Gap Railroad, marching toward them, and was then about three or four miles from their left flank. He, however, was laboring under a mistake, for it proved to be General Kirby Smith, with some seventeen hundred infantry of Elzey's Brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah, and Beckham's Battery, which had reached Manassas by railroad at noon. His forces were instantly marched across the fields to the scene of action. The battle was now reëstablished. The aspect of affairs was critical and desperate in the extreme. There stood the Federal troops, hot and weary, inhaling the choking battle atmosphere, without water during long hours of dust, and smoke, and insufferable heat, confronting fresh troops. Regiment after regiment, under able officers, met them on every hand. At the nearest point on the Manassas Railroad, cars were continually arriving, with hosts of soldiers, who formed in solid squares and moved swiftly forward to join in the contest. It was hard for our noble fellows to withstand these incessant reinforcements, yet they faltered not.

On the hill, the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth were compelled to abandon their work and resign its completion to the Connecticut regiments which had just come up. The Third Connecticut finally carried the summit, unfurled the stars and stripes above it, and paused from the fight to cheer for the Union cause. Then the battle began to work down the hill, the enemy was driven before the desperate charges of the Federal troops, until they reached the very spot where Tyler's advance commenced the action. Down the hill and into the valley thickets on the left the Zouaves, the Connecticut and New York regiments, with the brave Rhode Islanders, drove the continually enlarging columns of the Confederates. Their lines gave way, and as their shattered

columns retired the slaughter was truly deplorable. With terrible desperation and the most frightful losses they fell back sullenly. The retreat was finally arrested by the energy and resolution of General Bee, supported by the Hampton Legion, and the timely arrival of Jackson's Brigade of five regiments. A moment before General Bee had been well-nigh overwhelmed, and now approached General Jackson with the pathetic exclamation, "General, they are beating us back!" to which the latter replied, "Sir, we'll give them the bayonet." General Bee immediately rallied his overtaken troops with the words, "There's Jackson standing like a stone-wall! Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer!"

Now comes a lull in the conflict. Reports came in that the day was ours. Soon the telegraph had flashed the intelligence through all the cities in the North, that the Federal troops were victorious. Then we learned the loss of the brave Cameron, the wounding of Heintzelman and Hunter, the fall of Haggerty and Slocum; we heard of the dash of the Irishmen, and their decimation, and of the havoc made and sustained by the Rhode Islanders, the Highlanders, the Zouaves, and the Connecticut Third; then of the intrepidity of Burnside and Sprague; how the devoted and daring young governor led the regiments he had so munificently equipped again and again to victorious charges, and at last spiked with his own hands the guns he could not carry away. The victory seemed complete. It was an hour sublime in unselfishness, and apparently glorious in its results. We say apparently, for no one knew in reality whether we had lost or won. No general of division, except Tyler, could be found.

The brave fellows fought nobly, and against almost insurmountable barriers, but there was a painful and utter want of generalship throughout the whole day.

Not only was it a day rich with the blood of brave officers and men in the Union army, but to the Confederates it was fraught with the loss of many of their best officers. General Bee was mortally wounded at the head of the Fourth Alabama regiment, and a few yards distant Colonel Bartow, of the 8th Georgia, and Chairman of the Military Committee of the Provisional Congress, had fallen, shot through the heart. Colonel Fisher had also been killed, and General Smith severely wounded. The conflict had been awfully terrific.

About four miles away from the immediate field of action of the Confederates, on a hill in the rear of General Bonham's left, were stationed the Confederate Generals Beauregard, Johnston, and Bonham, with their respective staffs, watching the movements of the Union troops. From the summit of the hill the whole scene was placed before them, a grand moving diorama, and when the firing was at its height, the roar of artillery reached the hill like that of protracted thunder. About two o'clock in the afternoon, dashing on at headlong gallop, came Generals Johnston and Beauregard, reaching the field of action just as their troops were retreating in dismay. General Johnston charged to the front, with the colors of the Fourth Alabama regiment by his side. The presence of the two generals with the troops under fire inspired them with new confidence. They were instantly occupied with the re-organization of the troops. In a brief and rapid conference, General Beauregard was assigned to the command of the left, which, as the younger officer, he claimed, while General Johnston returned to that of the whole field, the result of which was a combined attack of infantry and cavalry on our front and rear.

It was now near four o'clock, and the firing had gradually died away, and reports came in that the day was ours. Captain Alexander, with his sappers and miners,

had been ordered to cut through the abatis by the side of the Stone Bridge, which was said to be mined, and lay pontoons across the stream. Carlisle's artillery was detailed to protect the work, and the Ohio and Wisconsin reserve to support the artillery. The Ohio, Connecticut, and Minnesota regiments were variously posted thereabout; others were in distant portions of the field. All were completely exhausted, and partly dissevered. Vivandiers were busy in their noble acts of mercy, and the little Stone Church in the vicinity of Centreville was already crowded with the wounded, and its walls re-echoed the groans of the dying; while ambulances and wagons were gradually advancing on the battle-field, to receive their precious freight of souls. Away in the northwest arose an immense cloud of dust, which seemed to be moving toward us. What could it mean? Was it our cavalry, or what was it? It was the result of the deliberations of Beauregard and Johnston. A sudden swoop and a body of cavalry four thousand strong, under Colonel Stuart, rushed down upon our columns near the bridge, and behind them Colonel Early with Elzey's Brigade — Tenth Virginia, First Maryland, Third Tennessee, Eighth and Second South Carolina, Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth Virginia — with Beekham's Battery, advanced, in an irregular line, almost simultaneously. They had crossed Bull Run several miles above, and had come down secretly through the woods on the left, and the first intimation the Federal troops had of their presence was a volley in their rear, and at the same time General Beauregard in front rapidly seized the opportunity and threw forward his whole line. It was a great strategic plan. The force of rebels in front across the meadows, was only a feint to attract attention from the cat-like step which was taking place in our rear. They had given way before us, we had followed up, went far enough in for the grand stroke which they must make to retrieve

the day, and then came down upon us like a thunderbolt. The next moment all was confusion. Three minutes' notice, and Sherman's and Carlisle's batteries would have done fearful execution with the Black Horse troop; but we had no flankers out, consequently no one to give notice of their approach, and hence the terrible rout that ensued. We gained a victory, but yet were routed. I cannot describe the scene which followed. I would, if I could, banish it forever from my mind. All I can say is, that we fought against terrible odds in numbers, against masked batteries, with foes under cover. We drove them, occupied their ground, and yet in the moment of victory suffered a most terrible defeat.

Our infantry broke ranks in the field, plunged into the woods to avoid the road, and got up the hill as best they could, without leaders, every man saving himself in his own way. General Tyler and staff, with the reserve, were apparently cut off by the quick manœuvre, and McDowell was nowhere to be found. Captain Alexander, and many others, endeavored by most gallant but unavailing exertions to check the onward tumult. "Hold up, men!" he shouted; "don't be such infernal cowards!" and he rode backward and forward, placing his horse across the road, and vainly trying to rally the running troops. The teams and wagons confused and dismembered every corps. The cavalry dashed upon our men, captured Carlisle's and a part of Sherman's guns — shooting the horses; captured soldiers; deliberately shot them after they had surrendered; went into the house used as a hospital, *and killed the wounded men*; and committed barbarities which the most abject savages in the world would scorn to do. One rebel soldier was seen to cut the throat of a helpless wounded soldier! One took a stake from the fence and drove it through the body of a wounded man, pinning him to the earth!

But what a scene! and how terrific the onset of that

tumultuous retreat! For three miles, hosts of Federal troops — all detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout — were fleeing along the road, but mostly through the lots on either side. Army wagons, sutlers' teams, and private carriages choked the passage, tumbling against each other, amid clouds of dust and sickening sights and sounds. Hacks, containing unlucky spectators of the late affray, were smashed like glass, and the occupants were lost sight of in the debris. Horses flying wildly from the battle-field, many of them in death agony, galloped at random forward, joining in the stampede. Those on foot who could catch them rode them bare back, as much to save themselves from being run over, as to make quicker time. Wounded men, lying along the banks — the few either left on the field or taken to the captured hospitals — appealed, with raised hands, to those who rode horses, begging to be lifted behind, but few regarded such petitions. Then the artillery, such as was saved, came thundering along, smashing and overpowering every thing. The Regular cavalry joined in the melee, adding to its terrors, for they rode down footmen without mercy. One of the great guns was overturned, and lay amid the ruins of a caisson.

An artillery man was running between the ponderous fore and after wheels of his gun-carriage, hanging on with both hands, and vainly striving to jump upon the ordnance, while the drivers were spurring the horses. Finding he could not cling much longer, a more agonized expression never fixed the features of a drowning man. The carriage bounded from the roughness of a steep hill leading to a creek, he lost his hold, fell, and in an instant the great wheels had crushed the life out of him. Who ever saw such a flight? It did not slack in the least until Centreville was reached. There, the sight of the reserve — Miles's Brigade — formed in order on the hill, seemed somewhat to reassure the van. But still the

teams and foot soldiers pushed on, passing their own camps, and heading swiftly for the distant Potomac, until for ten miles the road over which the grand army had so lately passed southward, gay with unstained banners, and flushed with surety of strength, was covered with the fragments of its retreating forces, shattered and panic-stricken in a single day. From the branch route the trains attached to Hunter's Division had caught the contagion of the flight, and poured into its already swollen current another turbid freshet of confusion and dismay. Who ever saw a more shameful abandonment of munitions gathered at such vast expense? The teamsters, many of them, cut the traces off their horses, and galloped from the wagons. Others threw out their loads to accelerate their flight, and grain, picks and shovels, and provisions of every kind, lay-trampled in the dust for leagues. Thousands of muskets strewed the route. If the enemy had brought up his artillery and served it upon the retreating train, or had intercepted our progress with five hundred of his cavalry, he might have captured enough supplies for a week's feast of thanksgiving. As it was, enough was left behind to tell the story of the panic. The rout of the Federal army seemed complete.

The grand army under General McDowell numbered about sixty thousand men, twenty thousand of which were engaged at one time; the Confederate force at the battle of Manassas numbered seventy-five thousand, thirty thousand of which were in action. Some little idea may be derived of the immense Union force engaged, from the fact that the main body of infantry which left Centreville at two o'clock in the morning was five hours in passing a given point. From the beginning to the end, not a soldier flinched, and an Englishman was present, and who had been in all the Crimean battles, said such charges as the Fire Zouaves and the Sixty-ninth Regiment made he did not see at Inkermann or at Alma.

A few days after, one of Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves was seen quietly walking the street in New York. On being asked how he came there, replied, "Why, you see, at the Battle of Bull Run the order was given to retreat, and, as we were never commanded to halt, we kept on retreating till I arrived in New York."

The Pennsylvania Fourth left the field in face of the battle, their time having expired the day previous. The officers begged, protested, in vain, to have them stay, and themselves remained after their troops had left. When the Massachusetts First were extended to the left of the enemy's intrenchments, both were unaware of the other's presence, but on discovery the rebels sprung to arms. Somebody crying out, "Hold!" the rebels inquired, "Who are you?"

In response to the Massachusetts First the rebels replied, "Damn you! you are just the men we want to shoot!" and then fired.

One man received a number of balls, fell dead, and rolled into their intrenchments, where the victors hacked him to pieces with sabres. Others they battered over their heads and faces with the butts of their muskets.

At one time during the battle, Colonel Cowdin stood leaning his back against a tree in a very exposed position, when a friend expostulated with him for his recklessness. The colonel replied that the bullet was not molded that would shoot him that day. In a few seconds after, another personal friend came up, and the colonel took a step forward to grasp the hand of his friend, when a conical cannon-ball struck on the spot where an instant before was the head of Colonel Cowdin, shattering the tree into splinters. The colonel turned about calmly, and remarked that he was certain that the ball that would kill him was not yet cast, and proceeded to issue his commands.

The Union loss in killed and wounded was one thousand

eight hundred, and one thousand five hundred taken prisoners. The loss of the Confederates, according to Beauregard's report, was one thousand six hundred.

Not only were the greatest indignities heaped upon the wounded and dying, but the outrages upon the dead will revive the recollections of the cruelties to which savage tribes subject their prisoners. They were buried in many cases naked, the Confederates having stripped them of their uniforms, which they appropriated to their own use, as in subsequent battles we find whole regiments dressed in the uniforms of the Federal soldiers, by which means they were enabled to come close into our ranks and overpower us by force of numbers before they were discovered to be the enemy; and many were buried with their faces downward, as a mark of indignity, and some were left to decay in the open air; their bones were carried off as trophies, sometimes to be used as personal adornments, and in one instance, at least, the head of one of our most gallant officers was cut off by a New Orleans artillery man, which, he said, he was going to send home and have mounted, and that he intended to drink a brandy punch out of it the day he was married.

Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, visited the battlefield to recover the bodies of Colonel Slocum and Major Ballou of the Rhode Island regiment. He took out with him several of his own men to identify the graves. We give Governor Sprague's own statement, taken from the report of the Senate Committee:

On reaching the place, he states that "We commenced digging for the bodies of Colonel Slocum and Major Ballou, at the spot pointed out to us by these men who had been in the action. While digging, some negro women came up and asked whom we were looking for, and at the same time said that 'Colonel Slogun' had been dug up by the rebels, by some men of a Georgia regiment, his head cut off, and his body taken to a ravine

thirty or forty yards below, and there burned. We stopped digging, and went to the spot designated, where we found coals and ashes and bones mingled together. A little distance from there we found a shirt (still buttoned at the neck) and blanket with large quantities of hair upon it, every thing indicating the burning of a body there. We returned and dug down at the spot indicated as the grave of Major Ballou, but found no body there; but at the place pointed out as the grave where Colonel Slocum was buried we found a box, which, upon being raised and opened, was found to contain the body of Colonel Slocum. The soldiers who had buried the two bodies were satisfied that the grave had been opened; the body taken out, beheaded, and burned, was that of Major Ballou, because it was not in the spot where Colonel Slocum was buried, but rather to the right of it. They at once said that the rebels had made a mistake, and had taken the body of Major Ballou for that of Colonel Slocum. The shirt found near the place where the body was burned I recognized as one belonging to Major Ballou, as I had been very intimate with him. We gathered up the ashes containing the portion of his remains that were left, and put them in a coffin, together with his shirt and the blanket with the hair left upon it. After we had done this, we went to that portion of the field where the battle had first commenced, and began to dig for the remains of Captain Tower. We brought a soldier with us to designate the place where he was buried. He had been wounded in the battle, and had seen from the window of the house where the captain was interred. On opening the ditch or trench, we found it filled with soldiers, all buried with their faces downward. On taking up some four or five, we discovered the remains of Captain Tower, mingled with those of the men. We took them, placed them in a coffin, and brought them home."

The Eighth Georgia regiment, under Colonel Bartow, which, the Confederates say, was made up of their best citizens, had suffered terribly, about half of it being destroyed, and this outrage upon the body of Colonel Slocum or Major Ballou was committed by some of that same regiment, out of sheer brutality, on account of his courage and chivalry in forcing his regiment fearlessly and bravely upon them. The Federal soldiers taken prisoners in honorable battle were subjected to the most shameful treatment. All the considerations that inspire chivalric emotions and generous respect for brave men were disregarded. Among other instances, we give a portion of General Ricketts' account of his treatment while a prisoner, also taken from the Senate Committee's report. He says that,—

“After having been wounded in the Battle of Bull Run, he was captured, and as he lay helpless on his back, a party of rebels passing him cried out, ‘Knock out his brains, the d——d Yankee!’ He met General Beauregard, an old acquaintance, only a year his senior at the United States Military Academy, where both were educated. He had met the rebel general in the South a number of times. By this head of the rebel army, on the day after the battle he was told that his (General Ricketts') treatment would depend upon the treatment extended to the rebel privateers (Savannah's). His first lieutenant, Ramsey, who was killed, was stripped of every article of his clothing but his socks, and left naked on the field. He testified that those of our wounded who died in Richmond were buried in the negro burying-ground among the negroes, and were put into the earth in the most unfeeling manner. He himself, while in prison, subsisted mainly upon what he purchased with his own money, the money brought to him by his wife, who, having first heard that he was killed in battle, afterwards that he was alive, but wounded, travelled under great difficulties to

Manassas to see her husband. She had almost to fight her way through, but succeeded finally in reaching him on the fourth day after the battle. There were eight persons in the room, in the Lewis House at Manassas, where General Ricketts and his wife slept for two weeks on the floor without a bed. At the end of that time they were taken to Richmond, where they were put into a room with four others, and among them was Colonel Wilcox, who remained with them until he was taken to Charleston; there being no door, the room could not be closed, and they were exposed to the gaze of the multitude as a common show.

"Finally, on the 10th of November, while he was too lame to walk, and while his wounds were still open and unhealed, he was selected as a hostage for a privateer, by General Winder, whom he had known for twenty odd years, and who had been an officer in his regiment. This he considered bad treatment; but says, however, that Wade Hampton, whose battery was opposed to his (Ricketts') battery, came to see him and behaved like a generous enemy. Mrs. Ricketts' carriage and horses were taken from her by General Johnston, at Manassas, and never returned."

The case of Louis Francis, who was terribly wounded and maltreated, and lost a leg, is referred to by General Ricketts; but the testimony of Francis himself is startling. He was a private in the New York Fourteenth Regiment. He says: "I was attacked by two rebel soldiers, and wounded in the right knee with the bayonet. As I lay on the sod they kept bayoneting me until I received fourteen wounds. One then left me, the other remaining over me, when a Union soldier coming up shot him in the breast, and he fell dead. I lay on the ground until ten o'clock next day. I was then removed in a wagon to a building, my wounds examined and partially dressed. On the Saturday following we were carried to

Manassas, and from there to the general hospital at Richmond. My leg having partially mortified, I consented that it should be amputated, which operation was performed by a young man. I insisted that they should allow Dr. Swalm to be present, for I wanted one Union man there if I died under the operation. The stitches and the band slipped from neglect, and the bone protruded; and about two weeks after, another operation was performed, at which time another piece of the thigh-bone was sawed off. Six weeks after the amputation, and before it healed, I was removed to the tobacco factory."

Two operations were subsequently performed on Francis — one at Fortress Monroe, and one at Brooklyn, New York — after his release from captivity.

Dr. J. M. Homiston, surgeon of the Fourteenth New York (or Brooklyn) regiment, captured at Bull Run, testifies that "when he solicited permission to remain on the field, and to attend to wounded men, some of whom were in a helpless and painful condition and suffering for water, he was brutally refused, and when at last they were permitted to go to the relief of our wounded, the secession surgeon would not allow them to perform operations, but intrusted the wounded to his young assistants," but who were not allowed to operate on any of their own wounded, and that these inexperienced surgeons performed operations upon the Federal prisoners in a most horrible manner.

"When," he adds, "I asked Doctor Darby to allow me to amputate the leg of Corporal Prescott, of our regiment, and said that the man must die if it were not done, he told me that I should be allowed to do it." While Doctor Homiston was waiting, he says a secessionist came through the room and said, "They are operating upon one of the Yankee's legs up-stairs." "I went up and found that they had cut off Prescott's leg. The assistants were pulling on the flesh at each side, trying to get flap

enough to cover the bone. They had sawed off the bone without leaving any of the flesh to form the flaps to cover it; and with all the force they could use they could not get flap enough to cover the bone. They were then obliged to saw off about an inch more of the bone, and even then, when they came to put in the sutures (the stitches), they could not approximate the edges within less than an inch and a half of each other; of course, as soon as there was any swelling, the stitches tore out, and the bone stuck through again. Doctor Swalm tried afterwards to remedy it by performing another operation, but Prescott had become so debilitated that he did not survive."

Among the many incidents of the battle of Bull Run, we give the following as an instance of fidelity and affection worthy of record.

While in camp at Fall's Church, at Centreville, and all along the route on the weary march of our troops to Manassas, two privates in one of the Western regiments attracted much observation and comment from their evident fondness for each other, and want of interest in every one else; they occupied the same quarters, ate together, slept together, marched side by side, and seemed perfectly happy while in each other's society; and as their names were the same, they were supposed to be brothers, yet no one knew. They stood together on the battle-field of Manassas, and fought courageously and desperately until one fell mortally wounded, and soon expired. When he fell, his companion threw away his musket, fell down on the ground beside him, with uplifted hands, and uttering the most heart-rending cries, begged of him in the most pitiful accents not to die, but to live for his sake; that without him life was worthless; but if he must die, he too would welcome the fatal shot which would lay him by his side in the same grave. All disguise now was useless, and he stood forth, not the

loving brother, but the devoted wife of the dying soldier. Around them were gathered a group of hardy men, who respected her grief and admired her devotion ; and when the troops retreated, neither she nor her precious charge was forgotten. Three stout men turned and brushed away their tears, as they lifted the lifeless body upon their shoulders to bear it to Centreville, while she walked by their side, a perfect living picture of agony and despair. Six months after the battle, a wounded soldier who was an eye-witness to the scene, related the sad story, and, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, said, "I seem to hear that piercing shriek and wailing voice ringing in my ears even now."

We had hitherto underrated the strength of the enemy, and had had no just conception of their generalship. We had placed in command and put our trust in a man who, if loyal, was incompetent, or if competent, was disloyal ; consequently we were outgeneralled by the Confederates, and terrible was our defeat.

On the Sunday following the battle of Bull Run, services in many of the churches of the free States were suspended, and men, women, and children spent the day, as well as many succeeding days, in scraping lint, preparing bandages and other articles indispensable to the wounded. In Boston, in many of the churches, the congregations assembled, and a prayer was offered ; then they were dismissed with the "benediction," and requested to repair immediately, each one to his own home, or to the rooms opened for that purpose, and spend the day in preparing lint, bandages, and such other things as were needful for the comfort of the soldiers. Merchants opened their stores, and bales on bales of linen were rolled out, which was eagerly caught up and conveyed to the Sanitary Rooms, and in a few minutes were torn into strips and rolled in bandages, and that night twenty-seven car-loads of hospital stores left Boston for the battle-

field, contributed by the good people of Maine and Massachusetts, for the use of the wounded belonging to their respective States.

A leading Southern newspaper announced a complete and brilliant victory at Manassas, and declared, "The independence of the Confederacy is secured." There could never have been a greater mistake. The active and elastic spirit of the North was soon at work to repair its fortunes; and time and opportunity were given it by the South, not only to recover lost resources, but to invent new. The government at Washington displayed an energy which, perhaps, is the most remarkable phenomenon in the whole history of the war; it multiplied its armies; it reassured the confidence of the people; it recovered itself from financial straits, which were almost thought to be hopeless; and while the politicians of the South were declaring that the Federal treasury was bankrupt, it negotiated a loan of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars from the banks of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, at a rate but a fraction above that of legal interest in the State of New York.

The North were forced to acknowledge a defeat at once humiliating and terrible; and various were the causes assigned for it, and among them was the incompetence or disloyalty of their general officers; the non-arrival of General Patterson in time to reinforce McDowell; the premature advance of the army under General Scott's direction; and the clamor was now for new commanders.

The commander-in-chief, General Scott, was said to be impaired in his faculties by age, and it was urged that he should yield the command to a younger and more efficient spirit.

The call for a "younger general," to take command of the Federal forces, was responded to by the appointment of General George B. McClellan to the command

of the Army of the Potomac, who superseded General Scott, so far as the responsibility of active service was concerned, though he retained his nominal position and pay as a lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of the army of the United States. General McClellan had become immensely popular by his successes in North-western Virginia, in the affair of Rich Mountain and the pursuit of General Garnett, consequently the substitution of General McClellan for General McDowell was hailed throughout the country with great gratification.

General Dix was placed in command of the Department of Maryland, and General Banks superseded General Patterson in command on the Upper Potomac; then followed a general disorganization of McDowell's army, the three-months' men returning home, except a few companies who volunteered to stay a short time longer, in anticipation of an attack on Washington by the Confederates, and now and then a company who remained by joining some of the three years' regiments.

At Fortress Monroe, also, several of the regiments left for home, their time having expired, but most of them reënlisted in a few days for three years.

To the brave man, defeat is only an argument for renewed exertion; and so it was with the people of the North. Their defeat at Bull Run put new life into their slumbering ranks, and in less than three days over sixty thousand fresh men were accepted at the War Department for three years' service; besides several batteries of artillery. The response from every quarter was truly patriotic.

In the mean time, the prize money offered by President Davis to privateers was an additional inducement for depredations upon the high seas, and among the most powerful and industrious of that craft was the daring privateer "Jeff. Davis," and the saucy, reckless "Sumter," both of which penetrated Northern waters to a degree

beyond what was requisite for the safety of Northern bound vessels.

The brig John Walsh, of Philadelphia, from Trinidad for Falmouth, England, was captured by a privateer, who, after firing a shot across her bows causing her to heave to, lowered a boat with eight men, all well armed, and went on board. The privateer was sailing under the French flag, which was hauled down as soon as they boarded the John Walsh, and the Confederate flag run up. The officers in charge of the boat on reaching the deck demanded the ship's papers, and then declared the brig a prize to the Southern Confederacy. The captain and all hands, nine men and a boy, were taken on board the privateer, and a prize crew corresponding in number was put on board the John Walsh, and ordered South. They soon ascertained their captor to be the brig "Jeff. Davis," Captain Coxetteer, of Charleston, two hundred tons, seventy men, and five guns. The next day being Sunday, they held *religious* services on board in the forenoon, and in the afternoon captured the schooner S. J. Waring, of Brookhaven; and on the following day captured schooner Enchantress, of Newburyport; and the next day boarded the ship Mary Goodell, Captain McGilvrey, from New York for Buenos Ayres, and took five of her crew and nearly all her water; but as her cargo was of no value to them, it being British property, and the ship too large to get into the Southern inlets, the privateer concluded to put the captured officers on board of her, and let her go. They were therefore transferred to the ship. The privateer supposed that the ship would continue her voyage, and thus prevent the news from reaching the United States, but as soon as the privateer was out of sight, the ship bore away for Portland, having on board Captain Fifield of the John Walsh, Captain Smith of the S. J. Waring, and Captain Devereux of the schooner Enchantress.

The S. J. Waring had a prize crew put on board, and ordered south; and on the night of the 16th, when fifty miles south of Charleston, the steward, William Tillman, colored, killed three of the prize crew with a hatchet. The other two were released on promising to assist in working the vessel. Tillman, with the aid of the rest of the crew, except one named Donald McLeod, who refused to assist in recapturing the vessel, brought her into New York.

The John Walsh had six months' stores on board, all of which were taken except enough to last the prize crew, which was selected to correspond with the crew on the ship's papers, to deceive the Federal cruisers.

All the crew were taken from the Enchantress except the negro cook. Two men and a passenger were left on board the schooner S. J. Waring with the prize crew.

The privateer run down in every case under the French flag, and set the Confederate flag on boarding. She left Charleston on the 28th of June. The John Walsh was her first prize.

They also captured the brig Mary E. Thompson, of Searsport, Me., while on her passage from Bangor for Antigua, with a cargo of lumber, ransacking the vessel, taking from her every thing that suited their fancy, such as her only boat, oars, spare rigging, &c.; and after putting on board four prisoners previously taken from other vessels, released her.

CHAPTER XV.

Then Nature must teach us the strength of the chain
Which her petulant children would sever in vain.

AUGUST 1. General McClellan commenced the reorganization of the army, and issued an order requesting the editors of all newspapers in the loyal States and District of Columbia to refrain from publishing, either as editorial or correspondence, or from any point, any matter that might furnish aid and comfort to the enemy. The rebels left Harper's Ferry, and fell back to Leesburg.

The privateer *Petrel* was sunk by a broadside from the United States frigate *St. Lawrence*, off Charleston, S. C. The *Petrel* came boldly out of Charleston harbor, and probably mistaking the *St. Lawrence* for a merchant vessel, fired two shots at her; when the *St. Lawrence* returned the fire, and the first discharge sunk her, cutting her completely in two. Five of her men were drowned, but the remaining thirty-six were saved, and put on board the United States gunboat *Flag*, and taken to Philadelphia. The rebel vessel was formerly the revenue cutter *Aiken*, which was seized by the South Carolina authorities in December, 1860, and under her new commission named the *Petrel*.

August 2. The war tax and tariff bill passed Congress; five hundred thousand men were to be immediately raised and equipped, for three years' service or during the war.

The rebellion in the West.

Battle of Dug Springs, Missouri. General Lyon, with a force of six thousand men, were encamped at Pond

Spring, ten miles west of Springfield, when the terrible news of the disastrous defeat at Bull Run reached him, which inspired him with new courage, and a fresh desire to recover in the West whatever might have been lost in the East. On Thursday morning, the first day of August, intelligence was brought that Ben McCulloch, with fifteen thousand men, was encamped near Tirrell Creek, twelve miles southwest of Springfield. General Lyon immediately ordered all the regiments of infantry and the batteries of artillery and the cavalry to march southward and unite for an attack on the enemy.

About sundown the tents were struck, the baggage loaded, and in a short time thereafter the notes of the "Assembly" rolled over the prairie, and the troops commenced their march. Their course lay through the open prairie for some miles, and then entered the woods; and a more devious route than that pursued by them that night was never before made, not excepting the journeyings of the children of Israel through the wilderness; first to the north, then to the south, they ran across the milky way, then went parallel with it, and, in fact, went toward so many points of the horizon that the record of half of them would drive any ordinary compass distracted. However, they plunged ahead, and late in the night, or rather early in the morning, they reached a point where the road intersected the road leading south from Springfield, and where they expected to meet General Sigel and Colonel Solomon, and about one o'clock they camped in a miserable ravine within three miles of the rebel army, and the men slept on their arms. But in the morning it was found that the enemy had retreated further southward. Lyon immediately pushed on in pursuit; the three miles lengthened into ten before the enemy showed his face, and by this time a large percentage of the men were completely used up. Several were prostrate from sunstroke, and many had fallen from sheer exhaustion.

About three o'clock P. M. the road emerged from the woods, and ran for a mile or so over a bushy plateau — about the centre of which stood a log-house. As the head of the column issued from the wood, some twenty horsemen or more were seen grouped around the log-house, evidently awaiting their appearance.

Captain Totten, who was in advance, instantly unlimbered a twelve-pounder and sent a shot crashing through the beams of the roof, not more than two feet above the heads of the party. "Boot and saddle!" was instantly the order of things, and scarcely had the report ceased reverberating among the peaks and hollows of the Ozark Mountains, ere the whole crowd had disappeared in a cloud of dust of their own raising, as they spurred southward.

About a mile further on the road ascends a steep hill and is lost in the timber; beyond which in the valley — which was covered with low oak brush — was a white frame house, and a couple of log shanties, which constituted the place known as Dug Spring, and is situated in Curran township, nineteen miles southward of Springfield, on the Fayetteville road. Just beyond, the enemy were encamped at the opening of a prairie valley, and chiefly in a southwestern bend, separated from our forces by a moderate sized but steep hill.

General Lyon immediately sent forward two companies of cavalry, under command of Captain Stanley and Lieutenant Kelley, and Captain Steele, Second Infantry, with orders to hold the enemy in check, effect a reconnoissance, and, if necessary, to retire slowly. This detail pushed ahead, — the cavalry deployed to the left in front of a cornfield that lay to the left of the road and in front of the opposite hill; the infantry marched into the timber at the right, and advanced upon the enemy as skirmishers. In the mean time the balance of the column had marched down into about the centre of

the valley, and within half a mile of the further hill was halted.

The artillery was posted on the hill-sides commanding the valley. At four o'clock in the afternoon the engagement commenced. The fight was carried on chiefly by artillery and cavalry; the infantry were not engaged. The enemy seemed to have but two pieces of artillery, and with these only ten rounds were fired, while an equal number were fired by the National batteries. Early in the engagement, a detachment of twenty-seven United States cavalry, led by a lieutenant, rode over the hill toward the part of the valley where the enemy were supposed to be posted, to observe and ascertain if the rebels were approaching. As soon as they had passed the ridge they found themselves directly upon a large body of rebel infantry, variously estimated at from two to four thousand. There was no retreat, and so putting spurs into their horses, and grasping their sabres, the brave twenty-seven rode directly into the midst of the enemy. So sudden and unexpected was their charge, and so little did the enemy judge rightly of the force of the cavalry, that a stampede took place among the infantry; and, taking advantage of the confusion, the horsemen cut their way through the formidable mass of opposing men, came out to the valley, and rode back to camp, having lost but five men. One of the killed was the lieutenant commanding, who had fought most fearlessly. He had killed six rebels, struck a seventh to the ground, and was trying to meet the attack of an eighth, when the prostrate man, taking advantage of his position, shot him. He still had strength to finish the work of death with the first, and then avenge his own fatal wound upon the foe who had given it. After that, he turned and rode away, but had not gone two hundred yards before he fell dead from his horse.

The fight lasted till dark. In the morning it was dis-

covered that McCulloch had again fled, and intelligence was brought that he had encamped a few miles south, at a place called McCullough's Store.

On Saturday morning the army moved forward with great caution. About a mile from camp, and in the field of the last night's action, a wounded soldier was found who belonged to the United States Dragoons. He stated that he was caught by the enemy, being wounded by a bayonet thrust. Soon after they took him Captain Totten fired his shell among them with such a terrible effect, that they fled, but before going struck him from his horse with the butt of a musket, leaving him for dead where he fell. On approaching Curran, the rebels were seen in force on the hill-side, immediately southwest of that place. Their advance was three thousand strong, under the command of General Rains. General Lyon immediately formed his army for battle, and gave the order for them to advance.

As two columns were approaching the timber, to flank the enemy, Captain Dubois opened a spirited fire from his battery of artillery upon the position of the enemy, causing them to retire in hot haste.

The army encamped for the night at Curran. On Sunday morning, General Lyon determined to retrace his steps and return to Springfield, fearing, as most of the rebels were mounted, they might flank him, cut off his retreat, and, as Springfield was almost entirely defenceless, enter and occupy that place.

About a mile from the scene of the battle or skirmish was a farm-house, in which were found five wounded men and one dead,—all of whom belonged to the enemy. One was shot through the hip, another had his ankle shattered to splinters, a third was shot through the shoulders, while the others had wounds of minor consequence. The house also presented a horrible appearance,—blood was all over the floor in rivulets and pools;

it was tracked up the stairway, and stained the bed-covering; in short, it existed in gory hideousness everywhere.

The loss of the Confederates was forty killed and left on the field, and forty-four wounded; eighty stand of arms, fifteen horses, and a wagon loaded with bacon, besides a few prisoners, were captured. The whole appearance of the field showed sharp fighting on the part of the Federal troops. Men were found with their heads fairly cloven through from scalp to chin by the fierce sabre-stroke of the cavalry. The Confederate forces under Generals Rains, Price, and Parsons, at Dug Spring, was twenty thousand, while General McCulloch had four thousand well-armed and effective men. The Union loss was eight killed and thirty-nine wounded.

Fort Fillmore, New Mexico, was traitorously surrendered by Major Lynde, who had seven hundred and fifty men, yet made very little resistance.

Lieutenant-colonel Baylor, commanding the Confederate forces at Fort Bliss, Texas, left there on the 24th ultimo, with the forces under his command, about three hundred men, for the Mesilla Valley; and after a tedious march of four or five days, arrived and took position within six hundred yards of Fort Fillmore, where pickets were placed out, and every precaution taken to storm the fort by surprise the next morning at daybreak. The plan would have been a complete success but for the desertion of a picket, who went into the fort and gave the alarm. The fort was alive in a few minutes, and it was evident the surprise was a failure.

The Confederate force then moved across the river, and at daylight took the town of Sante Thomas. Two companies of Federal troops had been stationed there, but had left on the approach of the Confederates, evidently in great haste. Clothing, provisions, ammunition, and supplies, were left behind in considerable quantities.

Eight prisoners were taken, disarmed, and then discharged, after being sworn not to fight against the Confederacy, Colonel Baylor telling them that he would rather fight them than feed them.

About ten o'clock the Confederate forces entered Mesilla, and were received with every manifestation of joy by the citizens. Vivas and hurrahs rang them welcome from every point. Preparations were immediately made to receive an attack from the Federalists, and about noon on the 1st of August the Federal troops were reported crossing the river. About five o'clock the clouds of dust indicated their approach, at the southern end of the city, and the whole force of the Confederates was moved to that point.

Several of the principal streets of Mesilla converge at the southern end of the town, the houses forming an angle, and they are quite scattered; old corrals, and the proximity of the cornfields make the position a very advantageous one for defence. The companies were stationed on the tops of the adobe houses and behind the corrals. Captain Coopwood's company was mounted. The citizens posted themselves on the top of the houses, on the principal streets, prepared to render assistance.

The Federal troops advanced to within five hundred yards of the Confederates' position and halted, and formed in line of battle, with two howitzers in the centre and the infantry, and on the wings cavalry, the whole force appearing to be about five hundred men. A flag of truce was then sent to the rebels, with the demand to surrender the town unconditionally. The reply was, "that if they wished the town, to come and take it." They unmasked their guns, and commenced firing bombs and grape into a town crowded with women and children, without having, in accordance with an invariable rule of civilized warfare, given notice to remove the women and children to a place of safety. Several shells

were thrown in different parts of the town, fortunately without doing any injury to a single individual.

After firing a couple of rounds at the more advanced position of the rebels, the cavalry made a charge and advanced to within three hundred yards of a corral behind which a company under Captain Hardeman were stationed. From forty to sixty shots were fired by this company, killing four and wounding four of the Federals, throwing them into confusion, and finally into retreat, their officers vainly trying to rally them. Captain Coopwood's company had been continually deploying among the houses and corrals, first appearing mounted and then on foot, and in many different directions. This and other movements, and the appearance of men both far and near, at so many points, succeeded in deceiving the Unionists, as to the real force of the enemy. The order to charge was given four times, but to no purpose; they were disheartened by their ill success, and as night was falling they withdrew in good order in the direction of Fort Fillmore, carrying with them the dead and wounded.

At one o'clock on the following morning, Major Lynde evacuated Fort Fillmore, with all his command, previously destroying much valuable property and munitions of war. The soldiers destroyed much of their company property, muskets, clothing, a blacksmith's shop, bakery, and one of the quartermaster's store-rooms. The hospital stores, medicine, and furniture were most completely broke up, and nearly all the arms and a large quantity of ammunition were destroyed. A great deal of valuable commissary stores and other property were unharmed, to the amount of several thousand dollars.

The United States troops retreated in the direction of Fort Staunton, and were seen by the rebel scouts immediately after daylight, eight or ten miles east of Los Cruces, in the mountains. The whole command of Confederate troops were ordered in pursuit, and crowded on

in full chase after the fugitives. The road lay over the table-lands and mountains to a pass in the Organos chain, by the way of San Augustine Springs, over a route where there was no water, and the day was excessively warm.

The six miles to the Springs was a succession of charges; men were taken prisoners, and disarmed in squads; the artillery was captured, and the greater portion of the infantry were taken before the main command was reached.

Major Lynde was encamped near the San Augustine Springs, and had still some four hundred men with him, who formed in battle array on the appearance of the Confederate troops. Advance was made to charge on them by the Confederates, and they had reached within three hundred yards, with eager spirits for the fray, when a flag of truce was raised by the United States column, desiring to know on what conditions their commander would receive a surrender. The reply was, an unconditional surrender,—the same terms they had endeavored to dictate to the Confederate forces. This was sought to be modified by the United States commander, which request was refused, further than that they would be allowed two hours to remove their women and children to a place of safety. The United States commander finally agreed to an unconditional surrender.

In brief, during this day, eleven companies of United States regular troops, mounted and foot, mustering seven hundred effective men, surrendered to two hundred and eighty Confederates, four pieces of cannon, arms, equipments, two hundred cavalry horses, mules and wagons, and two hundred and seventy head of beef cattle.

August 5. Galveston bombarded,—not much damage done.

Skirmish at Athens, Missouri.

A band of one thousand Confederates, led by a brother of ex-Senator Green, attacked a camp of Union men at

Athens, a small town in the extreme northeast of Missouri, on the Des Moines river, about thirty miles from Keokuk, about five o'clock in the morning. There was a considerable amount of arms and ammunition stored in the camp, which comprised three hundred and fifty men, under Captain Moore. The fighting lasted about an hour, when the rebels retreated, leaving six dead on the field. Captain Moore was reinforced by a hundred and fifty men, and pursued them a mile and a half, killing one, taking eighteen prisoners, thirty horses, and two flags. Three Union men were killed and eight wounded.

August 7. The village of Hampton, Va., burned.

On the 2d of August, General Magruder left Yorktown with a force of seven thousand men, including two hundred cavalry and eight pieces of artillery, namely, three Parrott guns, four howitzers, and one rifled cannon, and proceeded to Great Bethel — which place had been completely deserted — where they encamped for the night, and the next day advanced toward Hampton, and took a position on Back River, some three miles from the town. Undoubtedly the object of the expedition was to draw out the Federal forces, attack Camp Hamilton or Newport News if practicable, and at least to destroy Hampton, so as to prevent its being used by the Federals for winter-quarters.

A deserter from the Confederates arrived at Fortress Monroe, and gave information of the approach of Magruder, when General Butler at once repaired to Hampton Bridge, where he remained until eleven o'clock. Colonel Weber erected a barricade near the Hampton end of the bridge, and placed a strong guard at various points.

A few minutes past midnight, General Magruder, with about five hundred Confederates — some of them belonging in Hampton — entered the town, and immediately fired the buildings with torches. A greater part of the five hundred houses were built of wood, and no rain having

fallen lately, the strong south wind soon produced a terrible conflagration. There were perhaps twenty white people, and double that number of negroes, remaining in the town from inability to move. Several of the whites, and also of the negroes, were hurried away to be pressed into the Confederate service. Two negroes were drowned while attempting to cross the creek. A company of rebels attempted to force the passage of the bridge, but were repulsed with a loss of three killed and six wounded.

The fire raged all night. The greater part of the Confederates withdrew toward morning, and at noon but seven or eight buildings were left standing.

August 10. Battle of Wilson's Creek, Missouri.

After General Lyon's successful engagement at Dug Spring, he returned to Springfield to prepare for an effective defence of that city, apprehending an immediate attack by the Confederates. On the 7th of August, the Confederate Generals Price, McCulloch, and Pierce, decided to march upon Springfield, and attack the Federals where they had taken position in force. General McCulloch had received a general order from General Polk, commander of the southwestern division of the Confederate army, to advance into Missouri. He immediately held a consultation with the officers of the two divisions, and offered to march at once upon Springfield, upon condition that he should have the chief command of the army. General Price replied that he was not fighting for distinction, and that it mattered but little what position he occupied; that he was ready to surrender not only the command, but his life as a sacrifice to the cause. He accordingly did not hesitate, but turned over the command to General McCulloch, and took a subordinate position. On taking command, General McCulloch issued a general order, that all the unarmed men should remain in camp, and all those furnished with arms should get their guns in condition for service, pro-

vide themselves with fifty rounds of ammunition, and get in readiness to take up the line of march by twelve o'clock at night. The army was divided into three columns, the first commanded by General McCulloch, the second by General Pierce, and the third by General Price. They took up the line of march at the hour named, leaving the baggage-train behind, and proceeded in the direction of Springfield. They encamped on the night of the 8th at Big Spring, one mile and a half from Wilson's Creek, and ten miles and a half south of Springfield. Their baggage-trains having been left behind, and their beef cattle also, the troops had not eaten any thing for twenty-four hours, and had been supplied with only half rations for ten days previous. In this exigency, they satisfied the cravings of hunger by eating green corn, without a particle of salt or a mouthful of meat. The wardrobe of the soldiers on that night was thus humorously described by one of the number: "We had not a blanket, not a tent, nor any clothes except the few we had on our backs, and four-fifths of us were barefooted. Billy Barlow's dress at a circus would be decent in comparison to that of almost any one of us, from the major-general down to the humblest private."

On the next day they moved on to Wilson's Creek, and there took up camp, in the vicinity of several large cornfields, from which they could supply themselves with green corn, which for two days had constituted their only repast.

Orders were issued by General McCulloch to the troops to get ready to take up the line of march to Springfield by nine o'clock P. M., with a view of attacking the Union forces at four different points, at daybreak the next morning. His effective force, as stated by himself, was five thousand three hundred infantry, fifteen pieces of artillery, and six thousand horsemen, armed with flint-lock muskets, rifles and shot-guns.

After receiving orders to march, the troops prepared their guns and ammunition, and got up a dance in front of each of the camp fires. When nine o'clock came, in consequence of the threatening appearance of the weather, and the want of cartridge-boxes to protect the ammunition, the order to march was countermanded, and the dance before the camp fires was resumed, and kept up until a late hour.

The same mind seemed to actuate the two generals, McCulloch and Lyon, with regard to an onward movement, for both had given orders to march at the same hour, and unknown to each other, and only through fear that their ammunition would be rendered useless by the dampness of the night, the Confederate army would have proceeded on their march at the hour appointed, and consequently would have met General Lyon about midway from Springfield to Wilson's Creek ; but as it was, while the Cherokee portion of McCulloch's army were regaling themselves on the eve of battle, in the mazy dance around the camp fires, the Union army under General Lyon, eight thousand strong, marched out of Springfield in the direction of Wilson's Creek, to give them battle. They marched a portion of the night until they arrived in the vicinity of the Confederate camp, nine miles southwest of Springfield, when they laid themselves down on the prairie and slept on their arms. The next morning (the 10th), at half-past six o'clock, the attack was made in two columns by Generals Lyon and Sturges, General Sigel leading a flanking force of about one thousand men and four guns, on the south of the enemy's camp.

General Lyon fired the first gun, when the battle immediately begun. Severe cannonading was kept up for two or three hours. The rebels in overwhelming force charged Captain Totten's Battery three distinct times, but were repulsed with great slaughter. Finally, the

artillery fire proving too severe, they gradually fell back toward their encampment on Wilson's Creek. General Lyon's cavalry, posted on the enemy's left flank, and General Sigel's artillery on the right, kept up a terrific fire, and spread slaughter and dismay in the ranks of the Confederates.

General Sigel attacked the rebels from the southeast, as soon as he heard firing from General Lyon's command, and drove them back half a mile, taking possession of their camp, which extended westward to the Fayetteville road. Here a terrible fire was poured into his ranks by a regiment which he had permitted to advance within a few paces of him, supposing it to be the Iowa First. His men scattered considerably, and Colonel Solomon's regiment could not be rallied.

A Louisiana regiment and a Mississippi regiment seemed to have suffered most in the fight, and were almost annihilated. The enemy's camp extended along Wilson's Creek about three miles, enclosed by high ground on each side, upon which the greater part of the engagement was fought.

The summit of the hill was covered with the dead and the wounded; both sides were fighting with desperation for the field; masses of infantry fell back, and again rushed forward, and a terrible fire of musketry was kept up along the whole line of the hill. At this critical moment, when the fortunes of the day seemed to be at the turning point, as General Lyon was leading on his column, his horse was shot from under him. He immediately mounted another, and as he turned around to his men, waving his hat in his hand and cheering them on to victory, he received a bullet in the left breast, and fell from his horse. He was asked if he was hurt, and replied, "No, not much;" but in a few minutes he expired without a struggle.

The command then devolved on General Sigel, and

the engagement became terrific in the extreme, and, probably, says General McCulloch in his official report, "no two opposing forces ever fought with greater desperation." The incessant roll of musketry was deafening, and the balls fell thick as hailstones. Totten's Battery fell back, Sigel's artillery horses were shot in their harness, and the pieces disabled; he endeavored to haul them off with a number of prisoners he had taken, and finally succeeded in retreating with three of them, spiking one and leaving it on the field. About one o'clock the Confederates seemed to be in great disorder and retreating, the Federal troops retreating in the opposite direction, being too much fatigued and cut up to pursue.

The battle lasted six hours; the troops on both sides fought valiantly, but without any advantage or victory on either side; the Federals repulsed the enemy, but afterwards retreated to Springfield, and from thence to Rolla, so the battle may be considered a drawn one.

General Sigel arrived at Springfield with his command at three o'clock on Monday morning, the 11th, and continued his retreat upon Rolla, bringing off his baggage-trains and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in specie from the Springfield Bank, which had previously been given in charge of General Lyon for safe keeping, anticipating an attack on Springfield. The following is the official report of Major-General Fremont, commanding the Department of the West:—

HEAD-QUARTERS, WESTERN DEPARTMENT, }
ST. LOUIS, August 13, 1861. }

COLONEL E. D. TOWNSEND, — General Lyon, in three columns under himself, Generals Sigel and Sturges, attacked the enemy at half-past six o'clock on the morning of the 10th, nine miles southwest of Springfield. The engagement was severe. Our loss was about eight hun-

dred killed and wounded. General Lyon was killed in a charge at the head of his column. Our force was eight thousand, including two thousand Home Guards. The muster roll reported taken from the enemy gives their forces at twenty-three thousand, including regiments from Louisiana, Tennessee, and Mississippi, with the Texan Rangers and Cherokee half-breeds. This statement is corroborated by prisoners. Their loss is reported as heavy, including Generals McCulloch and Price. Their tents and wagons were destroyed in the action. General Sigel left one gun on the field, and retreated to Springfield, whence, at three o'clock on the morning of the 11th, he continued his retreat on Rolla, bringing off his baggage-trains and \$250,000 in specie from the Springfield Bank.

J. C. FREMONT,
Major-General Commanding.

The Union loss was 263 killed and 721 wounded; the Confederate loss, McCulloch's report, 265 killed, 800 wounded, and 80 missing.

When the news reached Springfield that Sigel was retreating, a terrible panic seized the people, which exceeded any thing in modern times. No one who was not an eye-witness can form any correct idea of it. When the army arrived at Springfield, after the battle, it was determined to retreat to Rolla, in order to save the baggage-train, which was said to be worth a million and a half of dollars. Accordingly, orders were given to that effect, and the march was commenced at about three o'clock A. M., the large baggage-train moving off in advance, while the main army was kept in the rear for defence. By daylight the whole army, Home Guards, citizens, families, etc., had left the place, leaving the heretofore populous little city of Springfield almost without inhabitants. The march was continued during the

entire day, making about twenty-five miles. And when night came on, and not being able to reach a suitable place for encampment, a halt was made on the road-side till next morning. The next day the march was continued five miles to the Meango, when the army encamped, and remained till the next day. Here, refreshments were taken in the way of a meal for the first time after the battle on Saturday, making some three days, or nearly so. The next day (Tuesday) the line of march was taken up, and the train arriving at Lebanon about noon, halted two or three hours. In the evening the train moved forward some seven miles, and encamped for the night, and on the next day arrived at Rolla, a distance of about eighty miles.

The army and the train were quite an imposing spectacle, consisting of several hundred wagons, about five thousand troops, two thousand five hundred Home Guards, many citizens, together with a large number of families, in wagons, buggies, stage-coaches, etc., running the entire number up to near ten thousand. But few, if any, such spectacles have been witnessed. The crowd was composed of persons of all ages and conditions of life. There was the judge, the attorney, the merchant, the doctor, the minister, the farmer, the mechanic, and those of every other occupation and calling, — all having left their homes, leaving most of their interests behind, to fall into the hands of men who had shown themselves to be capable of almost any thing that human depravity might prompt. To one not interested in the affair, it was evidently an affecting scene.

Some had their families in wagons carrying what little of their effects they could, and driving their stock, horses, cattle, and sheep; others, unable to bring their families, had left them to the mercy of the rebels. Some had a little money in their pockets, but many, and perhaps most of them, had not a red cent. Some had a change of

raiment, others had none. It was truly a deplorable state of affairs, and what rendered it harder to submit to was the universal belief that had General Lyon been reinforced with a few thousand men, instead of Union men having to flee for safety, the invaders would have been defeated and driven from the soil of Missouri; but, as it was, all the despatches sent to Washington, imploring reinforcements, were disregarded. Mr. Cameron had too much to attend to at home, consequently could not attend to things so far away, hence the result.

The death of General Lyon was a serious loss to the Federals in Missouri. He was an able and efficient man — a man of the times, who appreciated the force of quick decision in a revolutionary war. To military education and talents he united a rare energy and promptitude; no doubts or scruples unsettled his mind. He was temporarily interred at Springfield, and a few days afterwards was disinterred and sent to St. Louis, and from thence to his relatives at Eastford, Connecticut.

Shortly after the battle the Confederate army returned to the frontier of Arkansas, Generals McCulloch and Price having failed to agree upon the plan of campaign in Missouri.

August 12. The Hon. Charles J. Faulkner, late United States Minister to France, was arrested by orders from the War Department, and confined in jail, on the charge of treason, based on conclusive evidence received of his successful efforts to procure arms in Europe for the use of the rebels, and the fact that he was going home to his native State, Virginia, to assume command of a regiment of Confederates, who had elected him colonel.

Returned prisoners.

A company of ten Union soldiers, belonging respectively to the First and Second Rhode Island, First and Second Connecticut, and the New York Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth regiments, who were taken prisoners at

Bull Run, were unconditionally released and sent home, for kind treatment on the field of battle to Colonel Gardiner, of Georgia, and other Confederate soldiers, in accordance with a promise made by Colonel Gardiner on the battle-field. They were accompanied by twenty-one other prisoners, belonging to different regiments, who were released on their parole of honor, and among them were ten surgeons who remained at Sudley's Church after the battle, attending to the wounded, and were captured. They remained, some at Bull Run and others at Manassas Junction, attending upon the wounded, for two weeks after the battle, and were then sent to Richmond. Finally they were released on parole, and sent to Fortress Monroe, under a flag of truce, by way of Norfolk.

The following is a copy of their obligations :

" We, the undersigned, non-commissioned officers, privates, and citizens of the United States, do make our unqualified parole of honor, that we will not by arms, information, or otherwise, during existing hostilities, aid or abet the enemies of the Confederate States, until released or exchanged.

" Witness, W. H. WINDER, Brigadier-General C. S. A., August 11th."

An important personage among the returning prisoners was a Mrs. Curtis, who was captured a day or two after the battle, while riding near Falls Church, in company with a young lady, a native of Virginia, at whose house she was stopping, and who was *not* captured. Mrs. Curtis was taken to Falls Church, where she was formally introduced to Colonel Stuart, of the First Virginia Cavalry, who asked her if she was the colonel of the regiment. She did not feel disposed to answer, and he explained his question by saying that she had a spread eagle on the bridle-bits of the horse she was riding, — the trappings belonged to one of the officers of the New

York Thirteenth, though the horse was one which had been taken from the rebels at Bull Run. She was sent to Richmond as a spy, but released and returned home on the 12th of August.

Skirmish near Grafton.

A severe skirmish took place a few miles from Grafton, Va., on the Fairmount and Webster road. Information having been received that a secretly organized body of rebels living in that county were lodged within a few miles of Webster, General Kelly despatched Captain Dayton, of Company A, Fourth Virginia regiment, with fifty men, from Webster to disarm them. After scouting nearly twenty-four hours, he came suddenly on them at noon, and after an hour's severe fighting succeeded in killing twenty-one and putting the others to flight, without any loss to his command. The rebels numbered two hundred, and were composed of some of the worst characters of the county, led on by Zack Cochran, sheriff of the county under the Letcher rule.

August 14. The Seventy-ninth New York regiment (Highlanders) mutinied at Washington on account of being ordered to join Sickles' Brigade. This regiment, it appears, had from the beginning entertained the idea that "luck," as the soldiers call it, was against them. When they came to Washington, it was with a feeling of dissatisfaction with their officers, considering a large proportion of them utterly unfit for the responsible positions they had assumed. They at last succeeded in securing the acceptance of the colonelcy by the late Colonel Cameron, who, though possessing undaunted courage and restless industry, was yet wanting in military experience of the present service. He did much to discipline and encourage the men, but it was up-hill work, — though probably better material for a regiment never stood in line. At the battle of Bull Run occurred the death of Colonel Cameron, and the deaths of several of its best

officers. These casualties, and the calamity that some of the surviving officers lacked not only military experience, but personal courage, rapidly demoralized the regiment, and rendered it unfit for service in the field. The men became dissatisfied, restless, and dispirited. They were promised the privilege of going home to recruit, and to afford them an opportunity of choosing trusty and efficient officers.

When they were ordered, therefore, to join the Sickles Brigade, across the east branch of the Potomac, they naturally felt that the order was in violation of assurances which had been given of an opportunity to recruit and prepare for the coming campaign.

The depth of the feeling was evidenced in the impulsiveness with which a portion of the men "charged bayonets" upon Mr. Sickles when he endeavored to address them.

It is more than probable that the promises made to the men were never authorized by the Department, but given by the sub-officers as a temporary peace offering, when the regiment was smarting under the repulse from Bull Run, and the succeeding neglect and suffering consequent from indifferent or incompetent officers.

It now became one of the first and most important duties of General McClellan, in his new position, to enforce obedience to his orders. When it became evident that the regiment was determined not to obey the directions given for its movements, an order was prepared that it should be formed in square, commanded to surrender its arms, and to march as directed. This was taken to be signed by General Scott, who, reading it over, asked, "What was to be done if the regiment disobeyed the order." "I have the means of enforcing it," was the specific answer made by McClellan. The order was signed, and was enforced. The regiment was restored to discipline, and the principal actors in the movement punished.

While these scenes were being enacted in Washington, and the people of Springfield, Mo., and the adjoining counties were fleeing in all directions for safety from the advancing Confederates, General Fremont, at St. Louis, proclaimed the long-looked-for martial law, which tended to reassure the people, and, for a brief period at least, to silence outspoken secessionists :

HEAD-QUARTERS, WESTERN DEPARTMENT, }
St. Louis, August 14, 1861. }

I hereby declare and establish martial law in the city and county of St. Louis. Major J. McKinstry, United States Army, is appointed Provost Marshal. All orders and regulations issued by him will be respected and obeyed accordingly.

(Signed)

J. C. FREMONT,
Major-General Commanding.

August 15. Jefferson Davis issued a proclamation, ordering all Northern men to leave the South in forty days, or receive the treatment of alien enemies. The following is a copy verbatim :

PROCLAMATION OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Whereas, The Congress of the Confederate States of America did, by an act, approved on the 8th day of August, 1861, entitled "An Act respecting Alien Enemies," make provision that proclamation should be issued by the President in relation to alien enemies, and in conformity with the provisions of said act :

Now, therefore, I, JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the Confederate States of America, do issue this my proclamation ; and I do hereby warn and require every male citizen of the United States, of the age of fourteen years and upwards, now within the Confederate States, and adhering to the Government of the United States,

and acknowledging the authority of the same, and not being a citizen of the Confederate States, to depart from the Confederate States within forty days from the date of this proclamation. And I do warn all persons above described, who shall remain within the Confederate States after the expiration of said period of forty days, that they will be treated as alien enemies.

Provided, however, That this proclamation shall not be considered as applicable, during the existing war, to citizens of the United States residing within the Confederate States with intent to become citizens thereof, and who shall make a declaration of such intention in due form, acknowledging the authority of this government; nor shall this proclamation be considered as extending to the States of Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, the District of Columbia, the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, and the Indian Territory south of Kansas, who shall not be chargeable with actual hostility, or other crime, against the public safety, and who shall acknowledge the authority of the Government of the Confederate States.

And I do further proclaim and make known that I have established the rules and regulations hereto annexed in accordance with the provisions of said law.

Given under my hand, and the seal of the Confederate States of America, at the city of Richmond, on this 14th day of August, A. D. 1861.

[SEAL.]

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By the President,

R. M. T. HUNTER, *Secretary of State.*

August 16. In view of the utter disregard of President Lincoln's Proclamation, issued on the 15th of April, commanding the rebels to return to their allegiance within a specified time, the President issued a proclamation declaring the inhabitants of the States of Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee,

Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Florida (except the inhabitants of that part of the State of Virginia lying west of the Alleghany Mountains, and of such other parts of the State and of other States as may maintain a loyal adhesion to the Union and the Constitution), to be in a state of insurrection against the United States, and that all commercial intercourse between the rebellious States and other parts of the United States is unlawful, and will continue so to be until such insurrection shall cease, or shall have been suppressed; that all goods and chattels, wares and merchandise, coming from any of said States, with the exceptions aforesaid, into other parts of the United States, without the special license and permission of the President, through the Secretary of the Treasury, or proceeding to any of said States, with the exceptions aforesaid, by land or water, together with the vessel or vehicle conveying the same, or conveying persons to or from said States, with said exceptions, will be forfeited to the United States; and that from and after fifteen days from the issuing of this proclamation, all ships and vessels belonging in whole or in part to any citizen or inhabitant of any of said States, with said exceptions, found at sea, or in any port of the United States, will be forfeited to the United States, leaving any party who may think himself aggrieved thereby to his application to the Secretary of the Treasury for the remission of any penalty or forfeiture, which the said Secretary is authorized by law to grant if, in his judgment, the special circumstances of any case shall require such remission.

Newspapers suppressed.

The New York daily and weekly *Journal of Commerce*, the daily and weekly *News*, the daily and weekly *Day-book*, the *Freeman's Journal*, all published in the city of New York, and the daily and weekly *Eagle*, published in the city of Brooklyn, were presented to the United States

Circuit Court by the Grand Jury, on the charge of encouraging the rebels in arms against the government, by expressing sympathy and agreement with them and dissatisfaction with the employment of force to overcome them.

General Wool took command at Fortress Monroe, relieving General Butler.

Skirmish on the Potomac. Matthias Point is again the scene of another terrible tragedy, and again the navy yard at Washington receives its dead. On the afternoon of the 16th, at about half-past one o'clock, the steamer *Resolute* was ordered from Acquia Creek to Matthias Point for the purpose of reconnoitring. Seeing a batteau filled with barrels just below the point, a boat was sent from the *Resolute* with six men to bring off the batteau. No sooner had the boat touched the beach, than a volley of musket balls was opened upon her from a secession force concealed in the woods, killing three of the men instantly.

Another volley was fired by the enemy as they moved their position, or as soon as they had time to reload.

The *Resolute* was about seven hundred yards from the shore, and fired into the midst of the rebels one shot of canister and nine of shrapnell.

The scene on board the small boat is described as heart-sickening—the dead lying outstretched in it, covered with their own blood.

The boat was towed a short distance from shore by one of the crew named Sanderson, who quietly stepped into the water for that purpose, and thus concealed himself from the enemy.

The other uninjured man lay in the boat, stupefied by the sad scene through which he had just passed, while the wounded man helped Sanderson to row the boat toward the *Resolute*, from which assistance was immediately rendered.

The *Resolute* reached the navy yard at eleven o'clock

at night, bringing the dead and the wounded man, who was sent to the hospital.

August 19. A battle took place at twelve o'clock at night at Charleston, Mo., between the National forces, about three hundred strong — consisting of the Twenty-second Illinois regiment, under command of Colonel Dougherty, accompanied by Lieutenant-colonel Ransom, of the Eleventh Illinois Regiment — and a rebel force estimated at six to seven hundred men, and commanded by Colonel Hunter, of Jeff. Thompson's army.

Information having been received that the enemy were assembled in considerable force at Charleston, Captain Abbott and a portion of his command were sent out in the fore part of the day for the purpose of reconnoissance, and also to prevent the enemy from burning the trestle-work on the railroad near Charleston. He encamped within one mile and a half of the town, and passed the day in observation, and occasionally chasing the enemy's cavalry, who were scouting about the country in squads. They succeeded in informing themselves as to his strength, and returned to their camp, evidently contemplating an easy time in bagging him when night should come. About nine o'clock at night the train arrived with six companies — about three hundred men — under command of Colonel Dougherty. He was informed by Captain Abbott that the enemy's strength at Charleston was one thousand, and also that he had received reliable information that they would make an attack upon him that night.

"We are going to take Charleston to-night," replied Colonel Dougherty. "You stay here, and engage the enemy until we come back; we shall not be gone long. Battalion, right face, forward march!" And on went Company E ahead, Company A next, and so on. "Double quick!" was given, and the two front companies only responded.

Arriving at the suburbs of the town, it was ascertained for the first time that the four rear companies were detached, which occasioned a few minutes' delay, and then the advance was ordered forward without them, and were fired upon by the Confederate pickets; but they drove them in, dispersing the cavalry, capturing twenty-one horses, and rushed on, the bullets whistling around them like hail; still they charged furiously onward, Colonel Dougherty, Captain McAdams, and Captain Johnson, as leaders. Companies A and E — one hundred and twenty-five men — alone engaged the whole force. At the court house the enemy made a stand. Here Lieutenant-colonel Ransom, of the Eleventh Illinois, who had volunteered to accompany the expedition, inquired of Colonel Dougherty what should be done next. "Take that court house or bust!" was the emphatic answer.

And they did take it. Those who did not escape from the windows were killed or taken prisoners, and when the Federals emerged again from the house, the enemy were to be seen fleeing in the dim distance. The Federals retraced their steps to the railroad, where they met the detached portion of the regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Hartt. They had passed straightforward, without turning off, and having fallen in with the flying enemy, attacked them and killed sixteen. All now returned to Captain Abbott's encampment, with twenty-one horses and eighteen prisoners, having been less than two hours absent. Here Captain Jackson was ordered to remain with his command, and the rest seated themselves upon the cars, and moved back to Bird's Point, which they reached without accident. In that midnight encounter there were some fearful contests, some hand-to-hand fighting; and when the rising moon dispelled the darkness of the night, it shone upon ghastly faces, begrimed with blood, upon contending armies, upon strong men in the agonies of death, and that solemn hour which divides

the two days was to them the dividing line between this world and the world of spirits — the portal of eternity. The Confederates were impaled upon the bayonet, pulled from their horses, knocked over with the butt of the gun or of the pistol, and so bold and impetuous was every movement with the Federals, that they fled in confusion, with the loss of forty killed and eighteen taken prisoners. Union loss, one killed, and six wounded. A captured lieutenant informed the Federal officers that General Pillow was in the neighborhood, and would call upon them in a few days with twenty-thousand men; that he had promised they should take breakfast in Cairo that morning. The Confederate forces at Charleston and throughout the State of Missouri were composed principally of backwoodsmen, uneducated, but honest and sincere, and had taken up arms against the Government through the misrepresentations of designing men.

August 20. Mayor Berrett, of Washington, was arrested on a charge of disloyalty and sent to Fort Lafayette, New York, but on the twelfth of September was released by taking the oath of allegiance to the Government.

Many other arrests were also made at Washington, and other places in the free States, for disloyalty to the Government, uttering treasonable sentiments, etc., and among them several ladies.

August 26. Skirmish at Summerville. About fifty miles east of Charleston, Va., the central position of the Kanawha Valley, and up the Gauley River about twenty-five miles from Gauley Bridge, is Summerville, the county seat of Nicholas county. Here the Seventh Ohio regiment, under Colonel Tyler, was posted, and here, on the 21st, a slight skirmish took place between a detachment of fourteen men belonging to Company K and a reconnoitring party of the Richmond Blues, in which two of the Federals were killed, five wounded and taken prisoners, and four slightly wounded who made their

escape. Shortly after, Colonel Tyler with his command left Summerville (or, as it is called by some, Cross Lanes, where Tyler was encamped) hastily, in obedience to an order from General Cox, and made a forced march of eighteen miles, joining Cox at the mouth of Twenty-Mile Creek, six miles above Gauley Bridge. The cause of this sudden movement was the rapid concentration of the enemy under Floyd in the neighborhood of Gauley Bridge, and it seemed necessary to concentrate the National forces in order to oppose them. General Loring, of the Confederates, had been ordered to move with his forces from the Big Spring, in the direction of Huttonsville, around the Cheat Mountain, while General Jackson was to advance toward the Cheat Mountain, and thus block the progress of Rosecrans eastward, while General Floyd, with his brigade, was to make the advance from a point ten miles west of Lewisburgh.

After a hasty consultation between Colonel Tyler and General Cox, it was concluded best that the Seventh Regiment should return to Cross Lanes, which they did on the twenty-fourth; and on the morning of the twenty-sixth, while Colonel Tyler and his command were quietly partaking of their breakfast, they were surrounded and attacked on both flanks and in front simultaneously by Floyd's Brigade, consisting of three thousand infantry, four hundred cavalry, and ten guns. The Union men immediately formed for battle, and fought bravely, while they saw but little chance of success. The enemy proving too powerful, Colonel Tyler sent forward to the baggage train, which was coming up three miles distant, and turned it back toward Gauley Bridge, which place it reached in safety. Companies B, C, and I suffered most severely. They, particularly, were in the hottest of the fight, and finally succeeded in cutting their way through and scattered, but soon rallied, and, forming again, fired upon the Confederates, but received no reply



Brig. F. B. Butler

THE GENERAL

or pursuit from the rebels, whom they left in possession of their camp, to rejoice over their success, but their rejoicing was somewhat marred by the fact that they had not annihilated the whole regiment, as they considered the destruction of Colonel Tyler's command but the beginning of an onset that should sweep every vestige of the Union army out of that part of Virginia. The Union loss was fifteen killed, including six officers, and thirty wounded.

August 26. The sailing of the great naval expedition under General Butler and Commodore Stringham.

When General Butler resigned his command at Fortress Monroe, in favor of General Wool, the public mind was at once exercised and anxious to know the whys and wherefores of this movement, and their wondering eyes were turned in the direction of Fortress Monroe to discover, if possible, what disposition the general would make of his talents in future ; but their suspense was of short duration, for, on the twenty-sixth of August, ten days after his resignation, it was announced that an expedition under General Butler had sailed from Old Point, consisting of the frigates Minnesota and Wabash, the sloop of war Pawnee, gunboats Monticello and Harriet Lane, the steamers Adelaide and George Peabody, the propellers Fanny and Adriatic, with a large number of schooners, barges, etc. The vessels carried over one hundred guns, and about four thousand men.

This somewhat relieved the minds of the curious, but then its destination was unknown ; yet they were willing to believe that something good would result from it, and a brilliant achievement was expected.

August 28. The bombardment and surrender of Forts Hatteras and Clark.

The expedition under General Butler steamed out of Hampton Roads in fine style. The weather was beautiful, and the sea smooth. It was about the hour of two

in the afternoon, and the sun shone forth in all the splendor of the tropics. The evening drew on, with a steady breeze from the southeast. The Monticello took the lead, while the Adelaide, not being armed with large guns, immediately followed.

Hitherto the precise nature, extent, and destination of the fleet and troops had been kept a profound secret, not only from the public, but from those on board the stemers, with the exception of a few especially authorized to know of its movements.

They soon passed Cape Henry, though the speed of the leading steamer was limited to a certain point, and as the night advanced, a mild August moon arose to light their passage, while the winds continued to blow gently and the waves were smooth. The morning of the twenty-seventh found them opposite Cape Hatteras, and the Pawnee, Lane, and Peabody in sight; and as the morning advanced, that part of the fleet already off Hatteras gathered together, following the Monticello in toward shore, when the flag-ship Minnesota, Commodore Stringham, and Wabash hove in sight. It was now announced to the men on board that their destination was Hatteras Inlet, and that their purpose was to destroy certain fortifications erected there; but the day had so far advanced, and the ships Fanny and Tempest not having arrived, it was decided to lie by for the night, and carefully complete all their preparations for an attack in the morning. All night the sea remained as smooth as a summer lake, and the squadron lay silent at its post, through all its tedious watches.

The morning of the twenty-eighth broke clear and beautiful, and the Fanny and Tempest having arrived the previous evening, the squadron was now all mustered, with the exception of the Susquehannah, soon to arrive. Orders were issued for the disembarkation of troops on the beach, to the east of Hatteras Inlet.

It was now discovered that there were two forts and one camp at the inlet and vicinity. The first is called Fort Hatteras, and the second Fort Clark, after the Governor of North Carolina, while Camp Gwinn is at the end of a clump of trees near by.

The landing was effected in the following order, — Hawkins on the right; the Regulars, Union Coast Guard, and marines in the centre; Max Weber on the left. The advance of the ships to effect and protect the landing was a splendid sight, — such a one as it was worth going to see. It was now a little after 8 o'clock. The ships steadily and firmly advanced toward the two forts, which were in plain sight on the point of Hatteras Inlet, with the disunion flag flying on a small staff.

About nine o'clock the *Susquehannah* arrived, and prepared to join the action. The fleet continued to advance in battle array, and the most perfect silence prevailed; every thing was done by signals from the flag-ship. It is a moment big with intensest anxiety, — with hopes and fears, — with rapid thoughts of home and friends, — of breathless emotions. The entire squadron is in the field. Each ship is in her place — slowly, steadily, calmly advancing. The morning continues beautiful, and the usually rough sea of Cape Hatteras is in perfect calm. It looks as if the finger of the Almighty was laid directly on the billows, and had bound them into quiet. The flag, embankment, barracks, and tents of the fort are now merging into view each moment, and the silence is perfectly awful.

At ten o'clock the following signal appeared on the flag-ship, "Prepare to disembark the troops."

At a quarter past ten the first gun boomed from the *Susquehannah*; it passed directly over the fort, but elicited no reply. A gun followed from the *Wabash*, and the sand flies over the beach in all directions where the shot strikes. The firing now commenced from all

the ships in regular order. The *Harriet Lane* led the way ahead of all the rest, her drums beating to quarters, the *Adelaide*, with the troops, following closely at hand. The firing now became rapid, and continued for some moments, the thunder and boom of cannon, and the bursting of the shells in the air over the forts presented a startling scene to the thousands who were looking on.

Another fifteen minutes and General Butler appeared on the wheel-house of the *Harriet Lane*, close by the *Adelaide*, and pointing to the selected spot, shouts the command, "Land the troops." The preparations now went forward with great rapidity; the men and arms were soon made ready and the tows swing for the shore. There were no signs of movement in the fort, though it had replied with a few guns, all the shot of which fell far short; not a vessel was hit. At eleven o'clock the firing had increased with terrible rapidity, and the fort replied with great spirit, while the troops were landing with artillery in the order proposed.

At half-past eleven the *Susquehannah* changed her place in the line of battle, and fired a gun that made a terrific echo; her aim was direct, and the result was at once seen on the parapets. At twelve o'clock the *Minnesota* opened her ports from the centre, and the *Pawnee* commenced firing into the woods, where it was supposed the secessionists might be lying in ambush to interfere with the landing of the forces; while the *Harriet Lane* and the remainder of the fleet kept up their firing on the forts.

At two o'clock the troops were formed in line on the shore, bearing the old "Stars and Stripes," and from that time until five the bombardment continued at intervals; and not a vessel had been hit, though the forts had fired with the utmost animation.

At six o'clock the sky, for the first time since the sailing of the expedition, began to grow lowering, and

fears were entertained that a gale might speedily arise and scatter the fleet, but at nine o'clock it was all again clear, and the moon appeared in her silvery beauty, and the sea continued wonderfully calm, to the astonishment of all old sailors in the fleet. On the morning of the twenty-ninth, precisely at the hour appointed, the firing again commenced. Secession troops had been landed at the forts during the night, brought down the Sound, and the guns were worked with new ardor and skill. The firing on the part of the fleet was now at a still better range, and the first morning gun of the *Susquehannah* told with a fearful effect. The shells continued exploding over, around, and directly in the forts, with a fearful havoc. The inner fort — Fort Clark — appeared to have been silenced, as the flag had disappeared. The troops on shore were again moving toward it at double-quick. The guns from the outer fort — Hatteras — grew faint and few. The whole squadron were firing at once. The *Monticello*, with great courage, advanced far beyond any other ship, and poured her fire directly into the battery. One of her boats was knocked from the davits, and the ship was hit in two places. She reported the result of her observations to the flag-ship, and the shells exploded now more rapidly than ever directly within Fort Hatteras. Fort Clark was silenced. Our troops continued to advance along the shore, and the American flag was soon waving from the parapets of Fort Clark. Fort Hatteras continued to reply to our fire, but at slow intervals, and without effect. The *Harriet Lane* approached still nearer, and discharged one of her large guns, with destructive results. The *Susquehannah* then plunged a large shell directly into the spot where the disunion magazine was found to be, and in a few moments a white flag appeared on Fort Hatteras, and it was surrendered.

The Union men were now seen advancing along from

Fort Clark, and forming into line, with the old Stars and Stripes just in front of the "fallen secession flag." The victory was won.

The troops landed on the previous night had been active in various ways on shore, all the day of the battle on Thursday. On the appearance of the white flag, Captain Nixon, of the Union Coast Guard, entered the fort, and was joined by Lieutenant Wiegel, to whom Commodore Barron, late of the United States Navy, handed the following letter :

Flag-officer Samuel Barron, C. S. N., offers to surrender Fort Hatteras, with all the arms and munitions of war — the officers to go out with side-arms, the men without arms to retire.

(Signed)

SAMUEL BARRON,

Commanding Naval Defences of Virginia and North Carolina.

To this communication Major-General Butler made the following reply :

Benjamin F. Butler, Major-General Commanding U. S. A., in reply to the communication of Samuel Barron, commanding forces at Fort Hatteras, cannot admit the terms proposed. The terms offered are the full capitulation, the officers and men to be treated as prisoners of war. No other terms admissible. Commanding officers to meet on board the flag-ship Minnesota, to arrange details.

(Signed)

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,
Major-General Commanding.

Commodore Barron, after having called a council of war, was authorized to proceed on board the Minnesota, in company with Colonel Martin and Major Andrews. These gentlemen were accompanied by Captain Crosby,

U. S. N., and Lieutenant Weigel, of General Butler's staff. On consultation on board the flag-ship, the terms of General Butler were acceded to by the secessionists.

General Butler and staff then came on shore, inspected the men and fortifications, and at 4 o'clock on Thursday P. M., the formal surrender took place. The *Fanny*, *Adelaide*, and *Peabody* passed within the inlet, and soon the Stars and Stripes waved in triumph at this important commercial post. Over seven hundred officers and men were captured as prisoners of war; thirty 32-pound cannon, and a large quantity of coffee, stores, and munitions of war, and several vessels.

The prisoners were embarked under the direction of General Butler, he having passed through their ranks, receiving the swords of the officers. He led the way to the shore, where the *Adelaide* received the entire command on board. Here they remained at rest during the night, having been supplied with refreshments such as the facilities of the ship allowed.

During all the afternoon of Thursday, Dr. Humphrey, of the *Hawkins Zouaves*, accompanied by Dr. C. W. Dennison, Chaplain of the United States Hospital at Fortress Monroe, did every thing in their power to soothe the wounded. Medical relief was afforded in every case. Mr. Dennison offered a prayer, while the men of the fort gathered round at the tent where one of the wounded was supposed to be dying. There were at least forty wounded.

Eleven of the Confederate wounded were taken on board of the ship, and several made their escape. Their loss in killed is not exactly known, though according to Lieutenant Steelwagen's report, five were known to have been buried. None of the Union army were killed, but about thirty wounded.

On the morning of the 30th, the prisoners were all transferred to the *Minnesota*, where they were kindly

received by Commodore Stringham, and conveyed to Fortress Monroe, and from thence to New York.

A feeling of loyalty pervaded the masses of the people of North Carolina, and now, when the Federal flag floated over the forts, hundreds of men, women, and children came to Hatteras Inlet, by land and by boats, asking for protection, and taking the oath of allegiance.

August 30. Fort Morgan, at Ocracoke Inlet, twelve miles south of Hatteras, was evacuated by the Confederates, after they had spiked their guns and destroyed their munitions of war. The fort mounted six guns.

During the month of August privateering was carried on with an energy and determination worthy a better cause. The Sumter reports capturing fifteen prizes, and the privateer Echo reports eleven during the month, while the name, even, of the Jeff. Davis has become a word of terror to all northern seafaring men. Thus far the number of her prizes, and the amount of merchandise which she captured, has no parallel since the days of the "*Saucy Jack*," but with the characteristic sympathy of his prototype, her captain (Coxetter), released several vessels bound north, at the supplications of the wives of the masters, which proved conclusively that, though a "bold privateer," he was not encased in a coat of mail sufficient to "steel" his heart against all impressions.

CHAPTER XVI.

Methought
That standard still should sweep ;
Pour on old lands a new-born day,
And freight with freedom all the deep.

SEPTEMBER 1. A skirmish took place at Boone Court House, Va., which resulted in the total rout of the Confederates, with a loss in killed of thirty, and a large number wounded, besides forty taken prisoners. The Federals lost none in killed, and but six wounded. They took possession of the village and burnt it.

September 3. Terrible outrage on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad ; the Platte River Bridge burnt by secessionists.

The catastrophe occurred at little Platte River Bridge, nine miles east of St. Joseph. The bridge was a substantial work of one hundred feet span, and about thirty-five feet above the river. The timbers of the bridge had been burned underneath the track until they would sustain but little more than their own weight, and the fire was then extinguished, leaving the bridge a mere shell. The train, bringing eighty-five to one hundred passengers, including women and children, reached the river at eleven o'clock at night, and the bridge looking secure, passed in ; but no sooner had the locomotive measured its length upon the bridge, than some forty or fifty yards of the structure gave way, precipitating the entire train into the abyss below. All the seats in the passenger coaches were torn and shoved in front, carrying men, women, and children in a promiscuous heap down the declivity, and burying them beneath the crushed timber,

or throwing them out of the cars through the broken sides. Some were mangled by the machinery tearing through the timbers, several were caught between planks pressing together like a vice. Others were struck by parts of the roof as it came down with mighty force. Still others were cut with pieces of glass, while wounds, and blood, and agony prevailed all over the frightful scene, and shrieks of pain were mingled with cries of terror. In this the last two cars of the train went down, pitching the passengers into the wreck, or throwing them into the water, which at this point is about a foot and a half in depth. Only three persons were able to afford assistance to the suffering, the remainder of those who were not killed outright being so disabled as to be helpless.

Seventeen persons were killed. Two hundred yards west of the bridge a heavy oak railroad tie was strongly strapped across the track, and two miles further on, the trestle work over a small stream was on fire, which, however, had not become so badly burned that trains could not pass over, or that it could not be extinguished; and fifteen miles east of the Platte River, another bridge over Smith's Branch was almost entirely burned, and still burning, having been fired after the train passed west, to prevent assistance being sent from the east. Probably the perpetrators of this diabolical act expected soldiers would be passing over the road by that train, and resorted to this method to despatch them.

September 6. Occupation of Paducah, Ky. General Grant, with two regiments of infantry, one company of light artillery, and two gunboats took possession of Paducah, Ky. He found secession flags flying in different parts of the city, in expectation of greeting the arrival of the Southern army, which was reported three thousand eight hundred strong, sixteen miles distant. The loyal citizens tore down the secession flags on the arrival of our troops.

General Grant took possession of the telegraph office, railroad depot, and the marine hospital. He found large quantities of complete rations and leather for the Southern army.

He then issued the following proclamation to the people of Paducah:

"I have come among you not as an enemy, but as your fellow-citizen. Not to maltreat or annoy you, but to respect and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens.

"An enemy in rebellion against our common government has taken possession of and planted its guns on the soil of Kentucky, and fired upon you. Columbus and Hickman are in his hands. He is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, to assist the authority and sovereignty of your Government.

"I have nothing to do with opinions, and shall deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear. The strong arm of the Government is here to protect its friends and punish its enemies.

"Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves, and maintain the authority of the Government, and protect the rights of loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command.

"U. S. GRANT,

"Brigadier-General Commanding."

September 7. General McClellan's Order for the observance of the Sabbath was read throughout the entire line of his command, and was everywhere received with gladness. The Rev. Dr. Thompson gives an account of an interview between himself and General McClellan a short time before leaving for the seat of war. As it shows, somewhat, the character of the man who had been called to take command of the Army of the Potomac, perhaps it will not be out of place here.

“General McClellan had attended Dr. Thompson’s Church for six months or more, and had become greatly interested in the subject of religion. Just previous to his departure for the seat of war, he called upon Dr. Thompson for religious conversation and instruction. During the interview, by request of Dr. Thompson, they kneeled together in prayer. Dr. Thompson prayed, and at the conclusion he noticed that the general still remained kneeling. ‘Pray for yourself,’ said the pastor, placing his hand on the general’s shoulder. General McClellan then, in an earnest and simple manner, prayed for his country, for the success of soldiers who were about to go forth to pour out their blood for its salvation, and for wisdom from on high to lead his men to the victory, that the cause of good government might prevail.”

September 8. Private William Scott, the sleeping sentinel, under sentence of death, was pardoned and returned to duty by the following order :

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
WASHINGTON, September 8, 1861. }

Private William Scott, of Company K, of the Third Regiment of Vermont Volunteers, having been found guilty by court-martial of sleeping on his post while a sentinel on picket guard, has been sentenced to be shot, and the sentence has been approved and ordered to be executed. The commanding officers of the brigade, the regiment and the company of the condemned, together with many other officers and privates of his regiment, have earnestly appealed to the major-general commanding to spare the life of the offender, and the President of the United States has expressed a wish that as this is the first condemnation to death in this army for this crime, mercy may be extended to the criminal. This fact, viewed in connection with the inexperience of

the condemned as a soldier, his previous good conduct and general good character, and the urgent entreaties made in his behalf, have determined the Major-General Commanding to grant the pardon so earnestly prayed for. This act of clemency must not be understood as affording a precedent for any future case. The duty of a sentinel is of such a nature that its neglect by sleeping upon or deserting his post may endanger the safety of a command, or even of the whole army, and all nations affix to the offence the penalty of death.

Private William Scott, of Company K, of the Third Regiment of Vermont Volunteers, will be released from confinement and returned to duty.

By command of Major-General McCLELLAN.
S. WILLIAMS, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

The pardon was read to the regiment, which heartily expressed their appreciation of this act of Executive clemency.

September 10. Battle of Carnifex Ferry, Va.

It will be remembered that we left General John B. Floyd in possession of the Federal camp at Summersville, after having surprised Colonel Tyler with the Seventh Ohio regiment while at breakfast; now we find him intrenched in a powerful position on the top of a mountain at Carnifex Ferry, on the west side of Gauley River, only a short distance from Summerville. General Rosecrans, after making a reconnoissance, ascertained Floyd's army to be five thousand strong, with sixteen field-pieces; the front masked with heavy forests and a close jungle, and the rear and extreme of both flanks inaccessible, a most formidable natural position, strengthened by pallisades and intrenchments.

The Union army, under General Rosecrans, in their march from Clarksburgh (his head-quarters) to Big Burch River, after passing over hills and through hol-

lows, glens, gorges, and ruggedness, encamped on the fifth on the bluffs above the lifeless village of Sutton for a temporary rest.

On the seventh, at six o'clock in the morning, they were to resume the march. The tents were struck promptly, and the column was ready to move, but in consequence of some unforeseen events they were delayed six hours, until mid-day, when the column and its ponderous baggage train twisted themselves around the swelling form of Kreitz's Mountain — a bifurcated elevation, with twin summits, divided by a gorge of profound depth and obscurity.

From that time until late at night they swept steadily onward, with now and then a brief halt to afford men and beasts opportunity to recruit strength for continued effort. After a severe march, the last four or five miles through darkness over a painful road, wading creeks and splashing through mud, mingled with gravel, they halted on the southeast bank of Big Burch River, in Nicholas county, nineteen miles from Sutton, and about sixteen from Summerville, plunged into the wet grass, and bivouacked without satisfying their hunger. The baggage train was compelled to halt in the middle of the road, and did not arrive until nearly noon the next day. It had been intended to bivouac at the foot of the mountain, but they could find no camping ground, not even the side of a hill upon which a soldier could recline with the hope of remaining stationary till he could go to sleep, until finally, the harassed and wearied troops plunged headlong into friendly meadows in Big Burch flats. Here, on the banks of the dark and turbulent stream, they were permitted to rest their weary bones over the Sabbath, with the exception of scouting parties who scoured the mountains and glens, in pursuit of rebels who had fled from the valley where the Union troops were encamped, as the vanguard of the Union army

debouched from the ravines on the east side of the river.

On Monday morning they scaled Powell Mountain, the loftiest summit in Western Virginia, evidences of a receding enemy not far in advance constantly increasing. On the topmost ridge was a camp which had evidently been occupied by a considerable force the previous night. Every woman or child of sufficient intelligence to answer a plain question was interrogated. All the men of the mountain seemed to have fled at the approach of the hostile armies, either to escape impressment or to join the Confederate army, and it was extremely difficult to find a guide who knew any thing about the country a mile from the highway. A chatty old woman at a cabin on the mountain assured them that the rebels were in a "mighty strong, ugly place," and subsequent events proved that she was right, though the old crone spoke only from hearsay. At last the vanguard debouched at twilight into Muddlethy bottoms, and the column bivouacked in the fine meadows of Muddlethy, and the troops fell asleep expecting to go into battle before another sunset.

The next morning, the 10th, the vanguard was in motion at four o'clock, and, at six, the whole column were sweeping rapidly onward toward Summerville, and as they raised from a little valley to the crest of a mound which looked down into the village, a party of mounted rebels were discovered flying down the road. The column now advanced with extreme caution, having no definite information concerning the rebel position, they were liable at any moment to fall into an ambushade or masked battery. Benham's skirmishers flanked the road on either side, sweeping every foot of ground, and scouts were sent forward to scour the jungle; and from thence not a bridle path, ravine, or neighboring cliff was passed without a thorough examination in advance.

About one o'clock the column halted at the forks of

the road, one branch leading to Cross Lanes and Gauley Bridge, the other to Lewisburgh, by way of Carnifex Ferry. An hour before halting there, the commander-in-chief had no knowledge of the geographical position of Floyd, but an intelligent mountaineer lad, who had been in the rebel camp, opportunely made his appearance to enlighten him. From him they learned that Floyd was on the cliffs overlooking Carnifex Ferry, and that a mile further up the road approaching him, there was another fork leading among the hills to Cross Lanes, and very innocently suggested its importance, in a military point of view. Heavy columns were immediately deployed in line-of-battle on the hills in the rear, and strong bodies of skirmishers enveloped the ridges in front, when General Benham was ordered to move on down the road. Nearly two hours were thus occupied, when Benham sent back word that the reconnoissance was effected to the point then desired; and the track was clear. General Rosecrans immediately went to the front to inquire into sharp firing in the direction of the ferry. It turned out that the skirmishers had driven in the rebel pickets, and in their eager chase, had disturbed a considerable body of the enemy under Colonel Reynolds, who were encamped on the hill not a mile and a half from the forks of the road where the Federals had been halting so long. The news was communicated to the troops, who received it with inspiring shouts.

It was now perfectly obvious to all that they were about to engage the enemy; the men braced themselves manfully for it, and the Irish regiment, under Colonel Lytle, who had the right of the column, having already snuffed the enemy, pressed on with fiery zeal, with the gallant Smith and his Thirteenth Ohio on their heels. The remainder of Benham's Brigade, the Twelfth Ohio, under Colonel Lowe, was halted at the foot of the hill, to guard the cross-road, while McCook and Scammon

were moving their columns toward the front by another route, over the ridges.

General Benham now asked permission to press upon the enemy with his brigade, and General Rosecrans gave his consent to a demonstration for reconnoissance. Benham clapped spurs to his horse, wagging his head with obvious satisfaction, and promised a satisfactory inquiry into Mr. Floyd's arrangements, which had been so diligently concealed. Intense excitement prevailed; to the troops every moment seemed an hour. Those in advance were earnest and eager. Those halted in the rear were impatient at their detention, and now and then a shot or two, heard in advance, increased their vexation.

About half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, the commander-in-chief rode to the top of an adjacent hill to make an observation. His staff were clustered about him awaiting orders, and the artillery were laboring up the hill, when their attention was attracted by quick, sharp firing in the forests just ahead. Almost simultaneously came a terrific and prolonged roar of musketry, which induced the belief that the First Brigade had fallen into an ambuscade or masked battery. Language is inadequate to depict their intense anxiety. The general's deportment, though firm, demonstrated the terrible emotions of his own brave soul. All were in an agony of suspense; but scarce an instant had elapsed, when they heard the swift volleys of the Ohio First ringing through the mountain; another instant, and the deep detonation was swelled into proportions of awful grandeur by the cannon's opening roar. The thunderous voice rolled in magnificent volume among the crags of Gauley until their confused reverberations died away in contending echoes among the mountains. We could see nothing of the battle, not even smoke, but we knew by the infernal din that our battalions were swarming about the

enemy. Only the tenth and eighth companies of the Thirteenth Regiment had yet gone forward. Lowe's Twelfth Ohio had been ordered up by General Rosecrans, and it now came charging up the road at double-quick, its brave colonel at the head, and as the lads raised the crest of the hill, they saluted the general, who was waiting to direct their commander, with a volley of cheers. The Twelfth plunged into the jungle on the left, Adjutant-General Hartsuff leading Lowe toward his position. As the bold fellows rushed into the woods, they flung knapsacks and blankets desperately into the field, and pitched forward to regain their places. Hartsuff now came back, and, by order of the general, sent forward McMullen's howitzers and Snyder's two field-pieces, which plunged up the road with thundering racket. Ammunition wagons lumbered along heavily, teamsters furiously lashing the horses into their utmost speed. Staff officers dashed hither and thither with desperate haste, leading on columns, according to emergency, or carrying orders to the commanders of regiments or brigades. The *tout ensemble* was a splendid spectacle of excitement and eager haste to dash into battle.

But every thing yet remained enveloped in mystery. No tidings came up from the field. General Rosecrans, having made all necessary disposition to protect his rear, advanced to the front. Pushing down the ferry road, which was densely shaded by masses of undergrowth and heavy forests, they still saw no battle; but the terrific uproar, which seemed almost within the cast of a pebble, and the hurtling bullets cutting the twigs overhead, was proof that the enemy was close at hand. Directly a gleam of light from a clearing in front, with a long stream of fire blazing along the works of the enemy, showed where they were. The general took position near the battery, and from that time until the last column groped out of the woods in thick darkness, he was in

the midst of the combat, directing the general movements of the division. Benham was also in the front of battle, watching his brigade with reckless exposure of his person, encouraging and emboldening the men by his fearlessness.

Meantime McCook's Brigade of Germans had formed in line of battle, on the crest of Rebel Hill, and Scammon's little brigade was marching in to form behind him to protect our left.

The wounded were now being brought in rapidly, telling of carnage. The way was now described by rebel bullets, and the Tenth was deployed up the hill to the right, and the Thirteenth down the hill into the ravine to the left, Lytle and Smith each at the head of their regiments. The batteries were still behind, and Lowe's Twelfth Ohio was some distance in the rear, coming up slowly, so that the Tenth and Thirteenth had to support the enemy's fire a long time without assistance. But they did it gallantly, and continued to advance until they got to the edge of the abatis in front of the enemy, where they stood near the verge of the forest. In consequence of the rugged and impracticable nature of the ground, the line of the Tenth was broken, and the right wing was separated from the centre. Colonel Lytle could not see this on account of the jungle, and General Benham was directing a movement on the extreme left, when Lytle ordered the colors forward, and shouting, "Follow, Tenth," he made a dash up the road, intending to charge the battery, and succeeded in getting within little more than a hundred yards of the rebel parapet before he was discovered. A terrific fire opened upon him, and his four gallant companies, who followed him with frantic cheers, suffered severely. A ball went through his left leg, and wounded his horse, which became unmanageable, and threw him. The horse dashed over the rebel intrenchments, and was killed, and the gallant Lytle himself was

assisted into a house not a hundred feet off, and heard the crash of cannon balls through it and over it until the battle ended. Color-sergeant Fitzgibbons, who was behind the colonel when he fell, had his right hand shattered, but, gathering the Stars and Stripes in his left, he waved them again enthusiastically, and was torn in pieces by a round shot. Sergeant O'Conner snatched the falling colors, and again held them aloft, when he was also struck by a ball in his left hand, but he dropped behind a log, and kept the colors flying until exhaustion compelled him to drop them. His captain, Stephen McGroarty, snatched them up again, and while rolling them up, ordered his men to retire to cover, and in bringing up the rear, a ball struck him in the right breast, and went through him without disabling him, until after he got out of the field with his flag. Every man of his company stuck to him with unswerving fidelity.

The Irish lads continued to stick to the front with an Irishman's determination, but they were sadly cut up. Father O'Higgins, their chaplain, was with them constantly, and displayed conspicuous gallantry. Meantime, Colonel Smith worked off to the extreme right of the rebels under a furious fusilade of rifles and musketry, and was laboriously engaged in scaling a precipice which protected the rebel position in that direction. It was twilight before he got into position for an assault, but his men lay on their bellies in the thicket playing away at the enemy not a hundred yards from them. The order for an assault did not come, and the brave Thirteenth had wasted its energies and showed their pluck for nothing.

The Twelfth Ohio had found their route impracticable, and their brave colonel carried them over a rugged route squarely into the front of the battle, and gave them an opportunity to do their share of duty. Colonel Lowe was encouraging and directing them in front, when he

was struck by a shot fairly in the centre of his forehead, and he fell dead without a groan. A moment afterwards a charge of grape mangled both his legs.

Snyder's two rifled six-pounders, and McMullen's batteries were planted in the road about two hundred yards in front of the rebel main battery, and were served rapidly and with considerable effect. Subsequently part of each was removed to the right. Captain McMullen was finally struck down, but not seriously hurt. The rebel artillery was not regarded very formidable. The majority of their balls and shells went whistling and tearing through the tree-tops, making an infernal racket, and now and then a round shell would stop, in mid career, in the trunk of a tree, and bury itself with a wicked crash. Finally, at dusk McCook's Brigade was ordered into position. The Ninth was carried around to the left of the rebel battery by Captain Hartsuff, to make a rush upon it under a flanking battery which had been discovered in the woods, on their extreme left, but which had not been served during the engagement. The bold fellows, under their colonel, pushed forward under a galling storm of musketry, and were about to dash headlong at the enemy under cover of darkness, when they were ordered back, after suffering a loss of one killed, and ten wounded. The four companies under Major Hayes, after infinite difficulty, scaling precipices and forcing their way through dense thickets of laurel and blackberry bushes, had been halted in a ravine in front of the centre of the rebels' right wing, and they were afterwards supported by the Twenty-eighth, under Colonel Moor. The former met with no casualties, though under fire. The latter pushed across the ravine, and extended the line up a precipitous hill, until the whole of the main front of the enemy was enveloped by our lines. He lost two killed, and thirty-one wounded.

It was now pitchy dark. It was impossible to distin-

guish an object a yard from your eyes, and it was so obviously unwise to storm the works in such dense obscurity, that the general was compelled to withdraw the troops. They retired slowly and mad at their disappointment, and bivouacked wearied and supperless within musket range of the rebel front. It was nine o'clock at night when they got out of the forest where they had labored and fought unflinchingly five hours.

After a march of seventeen and a half miles, and five hours' fighting, the troops felt the need of rest, and they retired to bivouac under the batteries of the Confederates, intending to carry them by storm before sunrise the next morning, but the enemy did not wait.

Shortly after daylight a runaway contraband came in, and reported that the enemy had crossed the Gauley during the night by means of the ferry and a bridge which they had completed.

Colonel Ewing was ordered to take possession of the camp, which he did at about seven o'clock, capturing a few prisoners, two stand of colors, a considerable quantity of arms, with quartermaster's stores, messing and camp equipage. The enemy had destroyed the bridge across the Gauley, which here rushes through a deep gorge, and our troops being still much fatigued, and having no material for immediately replacing the bridge, it was thought prudent to encamp the troops.

Floyd had slipped off after our troops were withdrawn. He began the evacuation as soon as he discovered that we did not intend to storm him, and by three o'clock the next morning he put the deep and turbulent Gauley, and some miles of rugged road, between himself and our disgusted army. The wily general sunk the flats and destroyed the trestle bridge by which he had secured his retreat, and the Federal troops were left on the other side, profanely cursing their luck.

According to the surgeon's and company reports, the loss to the Federal troops was sixteen killed, and one hundred and two wounded; twenty-five wounded members of Colonel Tyler's Seventh Ohio regiment, who were taken prisoners at Summerville, were recaptured. The troops encamped at the Cross Roads, two miles from the battle-field, and communication was immediately opened with General Cox, at Gauley Ridge. The battle of Carnifex Ferry was fought exclusively by troops from Ohio, and well did they vindicate the honor of the Buckeye State. The gallant Tenth (Irish) regiment and their daring leader, the chivalrous Lytle, were probably the most conspicuous in the field, because they had the front by right of seniority. It is said that Colonel Lowe anticipated his misfortune. He had been unjustly and malignantly accused of cowardice at Seavey, and he said the sacrifice of his life was necessary to redeem his reputation. On his way to the field of Carnifex Ferry, he requested the chaplain of his regiment to take care of his property if his presentiments should be realized. He died where a soldier loves to die—in the thickest of the fight. Colonel Lowe was an old citizen of Xenia, Ohio, where he was universally respected. He was not an educated military man, but he had the courage of a soldier. His remains were forwarded to his family.

September 12. Fight at Cheat Mountain, Va.

On the morning of the twelfth a portion of the rebel army in two columns commenced an advance on both pikes, toward Elk Water and Cheat Mountain Summit. A detachment, consisting of three Tennessee regiments under General Anderson, succeeded in surrounding the fort on the summit of the mountain, and cut the telegraph wire, and was descending the mountain in the direction of Elk Water, when they were met by a detachment of three hundred men from the Fourteenth Indiana and Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Ohio regiments,

when a sharp skirmish ensued, resulting in the complete route of the Confederates, with the loss of forty killed, and a few wounded; Union loss, ten. Meantime, the other columns continued to advance on Elk Water, and when within about two miles of the Federal camp they were driven back by detachments of men from the Fifteenth Indiana, Third and Sixth Ohio regiments, and shells from Loomis's Battery, and retired some eight or ten miles.

The next morning (thirteenth) two regiments of Federals were sent to cut their way through to the summit, when General Lee resumed the attack along the whole line at Cheat Mountain. After a long contest, General Reynolds fairly repulsed him with considerable loss, and perhaps most on the side of the Confederates, owing to the fact that many of the Federal troops fought behind intrenchments. On the morning of the thirteenth, two rebel officers were discovered spying around the camp at Elk Water, and were surprised and shot. The body of one was brought into camp, which proved to be that of Colonel John A. Washington, proprietor of Mount Vernon. On the fifteenth it was sent over to the enemy, under a flag of truce, and while on the way it was met by a similar flag coming from the enemy for the purpose of obtaining information as to his condition.

September 14. Privateer Judith was destroyed at Pensacola. The monotony of the "Blockade," off Pensacola harbor, was somewhat broken by the burning of the privateer Judith, by a boat expedition from the United States Steam-frigate Colorado.

For several days a large schooner had been observed in the harbor, in the vicinity of the navy yard, and her appearance and motions led to the suspicion that she had been fitted up for a privateer, and had intentions of trying to run the blockade.

By some deserters who escaped from the secession

camp and came to Fort Pickens, these suspicions were confirmed, and further information obtained that the schooner was moored near the Stone Wharf, at the southeast corner of the navy yard, and also that upon the wharf near where the schooner was moored, a battery was being erected, and that one large Columbiad was already mounted.

In the early part of the day, the fourteenth, Captain Bailey went ashore on Santa Rosa Island, for the purpose of "takin' notes" in regard to the schooner and the reported battery, with the view of getting up an expedition against them. After obtaining all the information he could from the deserters, and corroborating their evidence by his own observations with the spy-glass, he decided that an attack might be made with reasonable chances for success, and by the time he reached the frigate in the evening, he had the plans for an expedition matured. Acting upon these, Flag-officer Mervine decided at once on sending a boat expedition to the navy yard, for the purpose of spiking the mounted gun, spoken of above, and burning the embryo privateer.

Accordingly about eight o'clock in the evening, the detail of men and officers was announced; the boats hoisted out; the men armed and supplied with ammunition, and the expedition placed under the command of Lieutenant John H. Russell.

About eleven o'clock at night the boats, with muffled oars, left the "Colorado," and pulled into the harbor, keeping far enough from the rebel side to avoid observation. They continued on up the harbor to a point a little above the navy yard. Here the course was changed, and each boat was headed for its especial object. From this moment every thought and every effort of both officers and men were directed to the successful accomplishment of this most dangerous enterprise. The parties in the launch and second cutter were to board

and burn the schooner; those in the first and third cutters were to charge the battery and spike the recently mounted "big gun."

Lieutenant Sproston, heading the crews of the first and third cutters, landed at the northern face of the stone wharf, and made directly for the newly-erected battery.

True courage, wherever found, will command respect, but the brave man sometimes loses his life where his light-heeled comrades save theirs, and so it proved in this instance, for, when they arrived at the spot, they found the battery of *one* gun entirely deserted except by a solitary soldier, who stood his ground, in the face of thirty men, and discharged his musket at the lieutenant; but at the same instant the sharp crack of a pistol was heard, and the lone defender of the battery, who had missed his own aim, fell a victim to that of the more fortunate gunner.

In a few minutes the "Columbiad" was spiked, and Lieutenant Sproston having accomplished the duty assigned him, according to previous orders, recalled his men to their boats.

The other division of the party, in the launch and second cutter, on approaching the schooner, found that instead of being moored in the stream, she had been hauled into the dry dock slip, and was tied up to the wharf. Nothing daunted, however, at this unpleasant change in the programme, the gallant fellows dashed ahead in the slip alongside the schooner. As they were approaching the vessel, they were hailed from her decks five or six times, and were thus prepared to expect a hand-to-hand encounter. The cutter — being much the lighter boat — shot ahead of the launch as she approached the enemy's vessel, and as she passed under her bows was greeted by a galling fire, but in a moment she had grappled the schooner about midships, and Lieutenant

Blake and his men were on the rebel deck. In another moment the launch was under the schooner's guns, and, like the cutter, was received by a deadly salute.

Before the enemy had time to reload, Lieutenant Russell was upon her decks, followed by the brave fellows of his boat, who had escaped the murderous discharge of musketry with which they were greeted. Forty or more of officers, seamen, and marines, precipitating themselves so unceremoniously upon the enemy's deck, produced a stampede among them, and nearly all of them fled from the deck to the shore. One only attempted to stand his ground. As soon as the decks were cleared of the rebels, the men proceeded to set the schooner on fire, and when this was effectually accomplished, they took to their boats and succeeded in getting off with but a few straggling shots from the rebels, who had begun to rally upon the wharf.

When the boats had got beyond the range of musketry, the first and second cutters were both ordered to give a parting salute to the enemy that were collecting upon the wharf, which they did in the shape of five or six rounds of "canister" from their twelve-pound howitzers.

The schooner that was destroyed was about two hundred tons, with four broadside guns, and one pivot-gun on the forecastle, and fully equipped for sea.

So small a force as this, under the command of Lieutenant Russell, on this occasion, entering into the very stronghold of an enemy, spiking his guns and burning an armed vessel, is an exploit not often surpassed, even in the history of a navy, many of whose members have been distinguished for gallantry.

It was not done, however, without loss — three killed, and fifteen wounded; two fatally, five severely, and the others slightly.

The only one of the Federalists killed upon the deck

of the schooner was the marine, John Smith. This poor fellow had, a few days previous, for some misdemeanor, been placed in confinement. When the expedition was gotten up, Smith was told that he might now have an opportunity to redeem his character, and if he conducted himself bravely he would be released from further punishment. He was rejoiced at the chance of a fight, and said to his commanding officer, "Sir, you shall have no cause to regret having released me, I will do my duty." He was in the second cutter, and was the first man to land upon the enemy's deck, and met his death in a few moments after.

September 17. Another railroad disaster.

To the Confederates it mattered but little in what way their enemies were destroyed, whether by fire, by explosions, by poison, by submarine batteries, by railroad accidents, by ambuscade, or at the cannon's mouth on the field of battle; whether by an open conflict in the broad blaze of day, or by some deep-laid plot in the silent midnight, only that they were annihilated, it mattered not in what way it was done. It seemed as if every imaginable machine of death, which their keen penetration and cunning ingenuity could devise, was brought into requisition; and now comes to us, on the wings of the wind, the heart-rending shrieks and groans consequent upon another bridge destroyed. On the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, at a point one hundred and forty-three miles west of Cincinnati, near the little town of Huron, Indiana, was bridge number forty-eight of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. On the night of the seventeenth, a train, containing two hundred and fifty men of the Nineteenth Illinois regiment, under Colonel Torchin, on their way to join Rosecrans in Western Virginia, broke through the bridge, the abutments having been sawn nearly in two by some traitorous or malicious persons, by which means four passenger cars were precipitated down into

the bed of the creek, and one box and one baggage car on the top of them; the engine and one car passed safely over. By this plot one hundred Union soldiers were killed and wounded.

Under date of 17th, also, we learn that Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, issued a proclamation ordering all the Confederate troops out of Kentucky, informing the government of the Confederate States, the State of Tennessee, and all others concerned, that Kentucky expected the Confederate or Tennessee troops to be withdrawn from her soil unconditionally. Whereupon, General Zollicoffer, in command of the Confederate forces in Tennessee, sent a telegraphic despatch to Governor Magoffin, announcing that the safety of Tennessee demanded the occupation of Cumberland Gap, and the three long mountains in Kentucky, and that he had done so, and should retain his position until the National forces were withdrawn and the National camp broken up, which document was submitted to the legislature of Kentucky, then in session, and on the following day, 18th, the Committee on Federal Relations reported substantially, as follows:

Whereas, The rebel troops have invaded Kentucky, and insolently dictate the terms upon which they will retire; therefore,

Resolved, That General Anderson be invited to take instant charge of this department, and call out a force sufficient to expel the invaders.

The resolution passed both houses, also a resolution placing the arms and ammunition of the State under the control of the commander of the National forces in Kentucky.

September 18. The Provost Marshal of Baltimore closed the legislative halls at Frederick, Md., by arresting the secession members of the legislature, nearly three-fourths of the house being "secesh." The legis-

lature was to meet in extra session on the 18th, but as fast as the members arrived in Baltimore, on their way to Frederick, that portion of them who, it was known, favored secession, were arrested and sent to Fort McHenry. The Union members refused to meet, there being no quorum, consequently they left in the afternoon, each one for his own home, and over the capital of Maryland floated the "Stars and Stripes," with the motto, "The Union must be preserved." After twenty-four hours' confinement, the officers of the legislature were allowed their liberty on taking the oath of allegiance. All assented except John N. Brewer, the reading clerk, who refused, and was sent off from Frederick with nine members to Annapolis. At four o'clock in the afternoon there was not a member of the legislature in the city, all having left for home. On the same day, in the department of the West, Colonel Frank P. Blair, Jr., was arrested by order of General Fremont, on a charge of insubordination in communicating when attending superior officers, making complaints against, and using disrespectful language toward, General Fremont, with a view of effecting his removal; but on the 25th, General Fremont ordered his release, and sent the following note to Colonel Blair, which explains his reasons for so doing:

"In consequence of a telegram from your brother, Postmaster-General Blair, followed by a letter asking your release, from public reasons you are hereby released from arrest, and directed to resume your sword and join your regiment for duty."

September 20. Surrender of Colonel Mulligan at Lexington, Mo.

On the 21st of June, four days after the battle of Boonville, in which Price and Jackson were defeated by General Lyon, Governor Jackson despatched a special messenger to Thomas A. Harris as the bearer of

a commission which constituted Thomas A. Harris, brigadier-general of the Missouri State Guard. The commission was accompanied by orders from General Sterling Price which assigned him to the duty of organizing the forces for the defence of that portion of the State north of the Missouri River. The messenger overtook Harris at Paris, Monroe county, where he had stopped for a few hours' rest while on his way to the rendezvous at Boonville, to offer his services as a private soldier. There Harris learned the fate of the Confederates at Boonville, and that the governor and General Price, with such of the forces as had been hastily collected, were in full retreat before the Federals in the direction of southwestern Missouri. Harris immediately commenced recruiting an army, called a public meeting, and delivered a stirring and patriotic address, at the close of which he caused the oath of allegiance to the South to be administered to himself in the most public and impressive manner, and then, in turn, administered the same oath to fifty-three men, and organized them into a company, directing them to return to their homes, collect their private arms, and join him without delay. Soon a report was circulated, though false, that the Federal troops were marching upon the town of Paris, where quite a large number of troops, under Harris, had already assembled, many of them without arms; in consequence of which General Harris and his command immediately evacuated the town and retired into a stronghold in the knobs of Salt River. Here, without blankets or tents, and with very little of any kind of army equipments, he commenced the organization of a guerilla force, observing the utmost secrecy in all his movements, as he believed himself constantly in close proximity to the Federal army. Here we leave General Harris for a short time, and follow General Price to the battle-field of Lexington.

After the battle of Wilson's Creek, General Price and McCulloch could not agree upon any plan of operations for the future, consequently, late in August, General Price, abandoned by the Confederate forces, took up his line of march for the Missouri River with a small force of his old command and seven pieces of cannon. He was continually receiving accessions on the way, and soon he had an armed force of four thousand five hundred men. Hearing that General Lane and Montgomery were at Fort Scott with a force of several thousand Federal troops from Kansas, and not desiring them to get in his rear, he detoured to the left from his course to the Missouri River and marched directly toward Fort Scott for the purpose of driving them before him up the river. He continued his march until he arrived at a point on a small stream called Drywood, about fifteen miles east of Fort Scott, where he halted and sent on a detachment to Fort Scott, who found the place evacuated. Meantime, General Harris, in his gloomy and cavernous den, had succeeded in raising a force of two thousand seven hundred and thirty men, crossed them over the river, and, after a march of sixty-two miles in twenty-eight hours, united his command with General Price, at Drywood, just in time to participate in the battle of Lexington.

The united forces of Harris and Price now continued their march in the direction of Lexington, receiving frequent reinforcements from the north side of the Missouri River.

At Lexington, Colonel Mulligan was intrenched with about three thousand five hundred Federal troops in splendid fortifications. A bluff east of the city, and overlooking the river, was crowned with earthworks seven feet high, twelve thick, and heavily mounted; and a ditch six feet deep and twelve feet wide surrounded the works on the outside, while another and a smaller forti-

fication was erected on the inside ; the whole works were calculated to intrench ten thousand men. The force under Colonel Mulligan consisted as follows: Colonel Mulligan's Irish Brigade, from Chicago, about one thousand men ; Colonel Marshall's Irish Regiment, Illinois Cavalry, about eight hundred men ; Captain Graham's Illinois Cavalry, about one hundred men ; Home Guards, under Lieutenant-Colonel White ; Home Guards, under Lieutenant-Colonel Givern ; Major Wright's Home Guards, one hundred mounted men ; Colonel Peabody's regiment of Home Guards, eight hundred strong, with two pieces of artillery, and Major Becker's Home Guards.

Generals Price and Harris continued their march, pushing rapidly forward without intermission, except when it became evident that the infantry could go no further ; then he halted them for a few hours, and again resumed the march until they arrived at Warrensburg, where General Price was constrained to encamp in consequence of a heavy rain, which had commenced about the same time, coupled with the fact that his men had been fasting for more than twenty-four hours, and were also greatly fatigued by several days' continuous and rapid marching. A violent storm delayed the march next morning until the hour of ten o'clock, when the march was resumed ; but, finally, General Price became impatient at the slow progress of his infantry, and ordered a detachment of mounted men to move forward, and placing himself at their head, pushed rapidly forward until he arrived at a point within two and a half miles of Lexington, where he halted for the night, having learned that the Federal forces had all gone within the city.

The next morning, 16th, about daybreak, a sharp skirmish took place between the Confederate pickets and the Union outposts, which threatened a general action,

but General Price was unwilling to risk an engagement unless perfectly certain of success; consequently he fell back two or three miles, and awaited the arrival of his infantry and cavalry. These having come up, he advanced upon the town, driving in the Federal pickets until he arrived within a short distance of the city. General Price then surrounded the town and demanded an unconditional surrender of the fort, which was flatly refused, and preparations were made for a determined resistance. General Price then commenced an attack on the intrenchments, opening with his artillery, and, under its cover, making an advance on the town. The attack was met gallantly by the brave men of Colonel Mulligan's command, and Price was repulsed with great loss, but managed to keep up a brisk fire from his batteries until sunset, compelling the Federal troops to take shelter within their intrenchments.

After sunset, General Price finding that his ammunition, the most of which had been left behind in the march from Springfield, was nearly exhausted, and that his men required rest and food, besides being badly cut up, he withdrew to the Fair Ground, and encamped there, awaiting reinforcements and preparing for a renewal of the attack. Simultaneously with this movement on Lexington, Generals Lane and Montgomery with a force of four thousand men were advancing from the direction of St. Joseph, on the north side of the Missouri River, for the purpose of relieving the forces under Colonel Mulligan. At the same time, about three thousand Missourians, under the immediate command of Colonel Saunders, were hurrying to the aid of General Price, from the same direction with Lane and Montgomery, and having reached the run at Blue Mills, thirty miles above Lexington, on the 17th of September, crossed over a portion of their force in a ferry-boat. While the remainder were waiting to cross

over, they were attacked on the north bank of the river, by the Kansas troops under General Lane. The battle raged furiously nearly one hour on the river bottom which was heavily timbered, and in many places covered with water; no time was given the Confederates to call back any portion of their forces which had crossed over the river; but those engaged were from the counties contiguous to Kansas, and accustomed, in the border wars since 1854, to almost monthly fights with the Kansas "Jayhawkers" under Lane, and were fired with the most intense hatred of him and of them, and now, with shouts of almost savage ferocity, they charged upon the Federal troops, fighting with reckless valor, and drove them back a distance of several miles, the conflict becoming a hand-to-hand fight between detached parties on both sides. At length, unable to support the fearful fire of the Confederates, at the short distance of forty yards, the Kansas troops broke into open flight, and made good their escape, with a loss of some two hundred killed and wounded. When the intelligence of this exploit was communicated to General Price's army at Lexington, it was received with wild shouts of exultation which fairly rent the air, and was echoed back by the neighboring hills.

General D. R. Atchison, former President of the United States Senate, and well known in this rebellion as one of the boldest leaders of the secessionists in Missouri, had been despatched from Lexington by General Price, to meet the troops under Colonel Saunders, and hasten them on to his army. He arrived at Blue Mills just in time to witness the engagement, and did much by his presence and example to cheer them in the conflict; and on the second day after the battle, Colonel Saunders, with his command, joined the army at Lexington, where he fought unremittingly till the surrender of the Federal garrison.

Four days before the attack on Lexington by General Price, a large band of rebels, under Martin Green, were temporarily encamped in the neighborhood of Florida, Mo., about thirty miles south of Hannibal, which fact became known to General Pope, who was at Hunnewell with eight hundred men, and he at once determined to make a night march and surprise him, but learning that Green had a force of three thousand five hundred men, he sent an engine at noon to Shelbina, eight miles west, with orders to General Hurlburt to send down immediately five hundred men to reinforce him, his force being too small to attack such superior numbers, but in consequence of gross mismanagement on the part of General Hurlburt's troops from Shelbina, which should have reached Hunnewell at three o'clock, they did not arrive until eleven, P. M., when it was too late to start on the expedition that night.

Another attack was planned for the next night, however, and General Pope marched his one thousand four hundred men twenty-four miles, over an almost roadless country, and reached Green's camp early on Monday morning, the 17th, to find it deserted. Green, with his command, was flying over hills and through valleys in the direction of Lexington to reinforce General Price, where he arrived late at night on the first day of the battle.

On the morning of the 18th, General Price, with the accession of Green's command and other large reinforcements, which had arrived during the night, and his ammunition wagons having been at last brought up, he again moved into town and commenced an attack upon the Federal works. Brigadier-General Rains, with his division, occupied a strong position on the east and northeast of the fortifications, from which position a terrible cannonading was kept up on the Union troops by Bledsoe's battery, and another battery commanded by

Captain Churchill Clark, of St. Louis; while General Parsons took his position to the southeast of the works. Skirmishers and sharpshooters were sent forward from both of these divisions to harass and fatigue the Federalists, and cut them off from water on the north, east, and south, which deprivation was more powerful in effecting a surrender than any other agent could have been. Colonel Congreve Jackson's division and a part of General Steins's were posted near Generals Rains and Parsons as a reserve.

The attack was determined and resolute, and the little band of Union troops within the fortifications fought bravely, desperately, hoping and expecting to be reinforced by General Lane from the west, and General Sturgis from the east, before they should be entirely overwhelmed by the rebel army, but in this they were doomed to disappointment. General Price having in some way received information that General Sturgis, with fifteen hundred cavalry, was advancing from the Hannibal and Saint Joseph Railroad, for the purpose of relieving the forces under Mulligan, immediately despatched Colonel Rives, who commanded the Fourth Division, to take possession of the ferry-boats which lay at the levee, in order to prevent Sturgis from crossing the river. The rebel forces advanced on the boats in two columns, one from above, and the other from below the town, one column commanded by Colonel Rives, the other by Colonel Hughes, while General McBride's command, and a portion of General Harris's, was ordered to reinforce them.

The Confederate forces moved along the river bank, to a point immediately beneath and west of the fortifications, and Colonel Rives was proceeding down the bank of the river to capture a steamboat which was lying immediately under the guns of the fortification, when a heavy fire was opened upon him from the summit of the

bluff, on which stood a house which was occupied by the Union soldiers as a hospital. Here, fronting the city, on the river bank, a very sharp engagement took place, the most desperate fighting of the whole day; but the boats were not in fair range of Colonel Mulligan's guns, his fortifications being so situated as to prevent him from commanding them completely, and his force was too small to admit of his making a sortie against Price's overwhelming numbers. A company from Colonel Hughes' regiment rushed down and took possession of the boats, one of which was freighted with valuable stores, and General McBride's and Harris's divisions meanwhile stormed and occupied the bluffs near the hospital building. The position of these heights enabled the assailants to harass the confronting foe so greatly, that it was deemed a very important point to either side, but to the Union men it had an additional charm, inasmuch as there was situated the building which contained their sick and wounded; consequently, the Union troops, after a desperate fight, made a charge and regained the heights, but were soon again driven from the position by the Confederates, who thenceforward held it to the very end of the contest.

The next day, after the capture of the ferry-boats, the Union army, under General Sturgis, appeared on the river bank opposite Lexington, expecting to cross over in the boats of Mulligan, but finding them in possession of the enemy, and no means left whereby they could cross over the river, they, of course, could be of little or no service to Mulligan. General Sturgis, having ascertained this fact, retreated in the direction from whence he came, not, however, until General Price had sent across the river a force of two thousand men, under General Parsons, to give him battle.

On the afternoon of the nineteenth, near the centre of the fortifications, by the staff upon which gracefully

waved the Federal flag, stood Colonel Mulligan, with folded arms, and an expression of desperate resistance, mingled with disappointment and despair upon his countenance. He had seen General Sturgis come and depart, without being able to render him any assistance, and now his eye was strained in the direction of the far distant west, scanning the various approaches to Lexington, with the hope that he might see in the dim distance the forces under General Lane flying over the hills to his relief, but no reinforcements were in sight; they came not. Without, a terrible conflict was raging with continual loss of ground on the side of the Unionists, and within the fortifications the men were dying of thirst, their supply of water being entirely cut off, and having nothing with which to slake their thirst, except an occasional sip of vinegar, and of which they had only three barrels, yet they fought bravely. Colonel Mulligan stood like a statue calculating the chances of a surrender. He had offered to take a position on a level spot of ground, and give General Price the odds of four to one, in a fair and open fight, but no attention was paid to it, and he wept like a child when he found himself compelled to surrender; not childish tears at the loss of a toy or a plaything, but tears for his famishing men, fighting without any prospect of victory; hoping against hope; dying, yet selling their lives as dearly as possible; and the tears of a soldier, for his country, that not only must the services of these gallant men be lost to the country in the further prosecution of the war, by their parole, but one of the most valuable strategic points in the West, with its immensely valuable stores, money, and munitions of war, must be given into the possession of the enemy.

On the morning of the 20th, Colonel Mulligan called his men together around him and made a proposition to attack the enemy with the bayonet and die in

arms. The men with one voice consented to follow him, but were so exhausted, having had three days of incessant fighting, during which time they had neither time to eat or sleep, that they could make but feeble resistance. It was soon discovered that General Price had been reinforced during the night by Colonel Saunders, with twenty-five hundred men, and had procured a large number of hemp bales which were transported to the river heights where movable breastworks were speedily constructed out of them, which proved as efficient as the cotton bales at New Orleans. The troops rolled them in advance, and under their cover gradually succeeded in securing a position in the rear. The Confederates made but few charges upon the fortifications during the entire siege. Their object seemed to be to surround the fort and cut off the supply of water, and having succeeded in this, they awaited until Colonel Mulligan was compelled to yield to a foe more terrible than the twenty-seven thousand rebels who surrounded him. In addition to the hempen breastworks, the rebels fired upon the Federal garrisons from the tree-tops, hill-sides, and roofs of houses. Many daring attempts were made to drive back the assailants, but the Union troops were repulsed in every instance, until, finally, unable to hold out any longer, after fifty-nine hours of continuous fighting, about four o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th they raised a white flag on that part of the fortifications nearest to Colonel Green's position, and shortly afterwards another was displayed opposite to Colonel Rives' position. General Price immediately sent forward his staff officers to open negotiations with Colonel Mulligan, and it was agreed that the Federal forces should lay down their arms and surrender as prisoners of war, and the surrender was made. About three thousand Federal troops, officers and men, surrendered to twenty-six thousand Confederates. A more gallant officer, more

united and intrepid men, never marched under the National flag. They fought like veterans; and only on the verge of perishing, and when they had been drinking vinegar for water in their extremity, did they succumb to hard fate, and yield to superior numbers.

When the surrender was made and the forces under Colonel Mulligan stacked their arms, the rebels mounted the breastworks and seemed mad with joy and delight, whereupon General Price ordered that they (the Unionists) were not to be insulted by word or act, assigning as a reason therefor, that they had fought like brave men, and were entitled to be treated as such.

The morning after the surrender, the men were all released on parole, and ferried across the river. The officers were retained.

The Union loss was a hundred and thirty-seven killed, and one hundred and forty wounded; rebel loss, one hundred and ninety-seven killed, and seventy-two wounded.

The visible fruits of the victory, to the Confederates, were great. About three thousand prisoners, five pieces of artillery, and two mortars; over three thousand stand of infantry arms; about seven hundred and fifty horses; many sets of cavalry equipments, wagons, tents, some ammunition, and about one hundred thousand dollars' worth of commissary stores, besides a large amount of gold belonging to the banks which had been placed in Colonel Mulligan's hands for safe-keeping, and which he had buried in the camp, but the rebels discovered the spot and unearthed it. It is said that when Colonel Mulligan surrendered his sword, General Price asked him for the scabbard. Mulligan replied that he had thrown it away. General Price, upon receiving his sword, returned it to him, saying he disliked to see a man of his valor without a sword.

A participator in the battle tells an anecdote of an old man, a rebel, about sixty years of age, who came up

daily from his farm, with his walnut-stock rifle and a basket of provisions, and went to work just as if he were engaged in hauling rails, or some other necessary labor of his farm. He took his position behind a large stump upon the descent of the hill on which the fortification was constructed, where he fired with deadly aim during each day of the siege.

After the victory of Lexington, General Price received intelligence that the Confederate forces, under Generals Pillow and Hardee, had been withdrawn from the southeastern portion of the State, and General McCulloch had retired to Arkansas, leaving General Price alone in Missouri, and being almost without ammunition, he began to calculate the chances for making a retrograde movement.

Before leaving Springfield, General Price had made arrangements for an ample supply of ammunition, then at Jacksonsport, Arkansas, to be sent to him in Missouri, General McCulloch promising to send a safe escort for it. Subsequently, General McCulloch declined to furnish the escort and stopped the train, assigning as a reason therefor, that, under the circumstances then existing, it would be unsafe to send it, and that General Price would be compelled to fall back from the Missouri River, before the overwhelming forces moving against him under command of General Fremont.

General Price had raised his force from hundreds to tens of thousands; his army had been swelled to twenty-five thousand during his stay at Lexington, not enumerating ten thousand volunteers who had collected on the north bank of the Missouri, about the period when he commenced to retreat, and now having no means of transportation, except for a limited number, he was compelled to disband a considerable portion of his forces, but advised all who could not accompany him to take care of such arms as they had, to cherish a determined

spirit, and to hold themselves in readiness for another opportunity to join his standard. General Price commenced his retreat about the 27th of September. He sent his cavalry forward, and directed them to make a demonstration in the neighborhood of Georgetown, fifty miles from Lexington. He supplied them with provisions for several days, and directed them to make demonstrations on each of the divisions of the Federals, so as to hold them in check until he could effect the safe retreat of his infantry and artillery. By this means, he succeeded in deceiving the Unionists as to his real purpose ; inducing Fremont, Lane, and Sturgis to believe that he was about to attack each of them. In the mean time Price, with his infantry and artillery, was making the best possible time he could toward the south. General Price continued his retreat to Neosho in the extreme southwest of Missouri, at which place the legislature had assembled, under a proclamation from Governor Jackson, and where he again formed a junction with General McCulloch, at the head of five thousand men. The legislature had just passed the Ordinance of Secession, and elected delegates to the Provisional Congress of the Southern Confederacy ; and here General Price fired one hundred guns in honor of the formal secession of Missouri from the United States.

September 21. John C. Breckinridge fled from Frankfort, Kentucky, and openly joined the rebels.

September 25. General Prentiss took command at St. Joseph.

September 27. General Fremont takes the field against the rebels.

General Lane's command surprised a superior force of rebels at Papinsville, Mo., and after a severe fight, routed them, losing seventeen killed and a large number wounded. The rebels lost forty killed, one hundred prisoners, and all their tents, wagons, and supplies.

General Lane then made a forced march on Osceola, in St. Clair county, and burnt the town by shelling it, and repulsed a large force of rebels.

Also, skirmishes took place within a week of this date at Black River, Greenville, Tuscumbia, Hunter, and Shanghae, in Missouri; and at Romney, Catoctin Mountain, Lewinsville, Chapmansville, Munson's Hill, and Great Falls in Virginia. Also the "sacred neutrality" of Old Kentucky was disregarded by a lively skirmish at Barboursville, in which three hundred rebel cavalry fired upon the Home Guards, drove them entirely out of the town and took possession.

Skirmishes occurred at Columbus, Ellicott's Mills, Smithland, Cynthiana, Lucas Bend, and Hopkinsville, Kentucky. All of these skirmishes in themselves were trifling, though some few involved the occupation or loss of a somewhat important point, yet they were not of sufficient consequence to demand more than a passing notice. The loss in killed and wounded was very small.

The Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers, Colonel Whipple, left Manchester for Washington. The evening before their departure from Manchester, they were presented with a stand of colors by the governor of New Hampshire, in presence of a large concourse of spectators. They also received another valuable present at the same time, in the person of Miss Nettie Grace Willis, a beautiful girl of fifteen, who was presented to Colonel Whipple for adoption as the daughter of the regiment. Miss Willis is the daughter of Rev. Mr. Willis, Unitarian clergyman of Nashua, N. H., who accompanied the regiment as chaplain.

September 28. Munson's Hill occupied by Union troops.

Early on the morning of the twenty-fifth, nearly five thousand men left their camps in the vicinity of Chain

Bridge, and proceeded on the road toward Lewinsville. The ostensible purpose of the movement was to obtain forage. The real design was to give the rebels an opportunity for a fight, which they had stated they had been courting without success. A hundred wagons accompanied the expedition. The column marched to within a mile and a half of Lewinsville, and halted about half-past 10 o'clock, on the place of a physician. Supports of infantry and artillery had been left along on the road in the rear. Immediately on halting, two pieces of artillery were placed on the right and four on the left, both on open eminences about six hundred yards distant from one another. Pickets were thrown out upon all sides, and at once the wagons moved off in different directions, and commenced to load with hay belonging to farmers known to be secessionists. Whilst this was proceeding, a body of rebel cavalry appeared a short distance east of Lewinsville, and Captain Mott opened fire upon them. In a few moments they had entirely disappeared, and there were no signs of a reappearance for several hours.

About three o'clock, ninety loads of hay had been secured, and General Smith had determined to return, when a regiment or two of cavalry, two or three regiments of infantry, and a battery of six guns approached from the direction of Lewinsville, and formed in line of battle about two thousand yards distant. A few moments after, a regiment of infantry appeared upon the left flank, and the indications were that there would be a brisk battle. The Federal troops at once fell into line to the number of three thousand men, the remainder of the force being on picket or left as supports along the route. Orders were forwarded to the supports to move up to the main column, and information was telegraphed to McCall's and Fitz John Porter's divisions to hold themselves in readiness to move.

The rebel battery soon opened fire with shot and shell. Their first shot came half way to our lines ; the second fell short a hundred yards ; and the third, a shell, burst over the California regiment, and seriously wounded a private in the arm.

In the mean time, Captain Griffin commenced to reply with his battery, and his first shell burst in the midst of the rebel battery, causing a brief interruption in the enemy's attack. They renewed, however, but were finally compelled to retire, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, under the fire of our artillery. Griffin's Battery fired in all twenty-six rounds. The infantry on the left also vanished in the wood, and at five o'clock not a rebel was in sight. They were present in force, fully as strong as our own, but they did not fire a musket, nor did their cavalry make any demonstration.

Smith then ordered the force to fall back to their camps, which they did, with their forage.

During the week previous to the twenty-eighth, it was so frequently reported from day to day, that the Federal troops had taken possession of Munson's Hill, that when, at last, this long-predicted event took place, it found few believers among those least excited by sensation reports.

The works at Munson's Hill were, in a military point of view, almost worthless, being not much more than rifle-pits of very common construction, and with the exception that the positions at Munson's and Murray's Hills afforded the rebels an unobstructed view of all our fortifications and other defences, they were of very little consequence.

But here, in this camp of spies, a considerable force of rebels were intrenched in plain sight of the White House ; their flag waving in defiance in full view of the National Capitol, and here they remained as long as it served their purpose, and when they had become sufficiently acquainted with the resources and extent of the

army and fortifications in and around Washington, they evacuated the place. On the morning of the 28th, about ten o'clock, our pickets reported to General Richardson that the rebel pickets had been drawn in, and subsequent observation confirmed the report. Information of this fact was telegraphed to General McClellan, who at once crossed the ferry at Georgetown with his staff, and rode to Bailey's Cross Roads. They then followed the course of the railroad to Upton House and Hill. They saw only half a dozen horsemen on Munson's Hill. General Wadsworth moved to the right and front with a body of skirmishers, and Captain Colburn, of General McClellan's staff, skirmished to the left, without encountering any of the enemy. General Richardson then moved forward with a body of troops toward the hill, the rebel horsemen retiring as they approached. They entered the work without difficulty, and found that the rebels had taken every thing of value with them.

The appearance of the ground deserted by them indicated that they were deficient in those arrangements which serve to make a camp life comfortable, having no tents; but merely shelters rudely constructed. There were no signs to show that they had ever mounted any guns.

Detachments from Generals Richardson's, Keyes', and Wadsworth's Brigades, and also from General Franklin's Division occupied Munson's Hill, being in command of Colonel Ferry, of the Fifth Michigan regiment, and the American flag floated there in place of that of the Confederates.

On the following morning the pickets from General Smith's Division advanced and took position at Fall's Church, meeting with no opposition whatever, as the Confederates had retreated from the whole line of their positions on the line of Washington.

The advance of General Smith on Fall's Church from the Chain Bridge was accompanied by events of the most deplorable character. On their way to Fall's Church, and when about half a mile from it, by some unaccountable blunder, Colonel Owens' (Irish) Philadelphia regiment, in the darkness of the night, mistaking for rebels Captain Mott's Battery, which was in the advance, sustained by General Baker's California regiment, Baxter's Philadelphia Zouaves, and Colonel Friedman's cavalry, fired a full volley into the troops last mentioned, killing and wounding a large number. The California regiment, not knowing whence the firing came, returned it with marked effect. The horses attached to Mott's Battery became unmanageable, and the tongues of the caissons were broken, owing to the narrowness of the road.

Lieutenant Bryant, having command of the first section, ordered the guns to be loaded with grape and canister, and soon had them in range to rake the supposed enemy, when word was sent to him that he was in the company of friends.

All was excitement, and a long time elapsed before the actual condition of affairs was ascertained and confidence reëstablished.

General Smith immediately ordered Colonel Owens' regiment to fall back to camp.

By this unfortunate circumstance, fifteen were killed, and thirty wounded. The dead were all buried near their encampment, with military honors, while the wounded were removed to the hospitals in Georgetown principally, where they received the best of attention.

END OF VOL. II.

March-10. H
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